The Pleasure of Giving In

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The Pleasure of Giving In

by DrJLecter

Summary

Circumstance exposes Hannibal's status as unbonded Omega. Chance lets him bond to Will before being claimed by another Alpha. What will opportunity bring?

(With a side of cannibalism)

There's porn, there's plot, there are feelings. And knots. And not to forget - bottom!Hannibal.

(IT'S FINISHED OMFG)

Notes

My first multi-chapter fic and only my second fic over all. Posting will be slow, although I've started to write chapter 4 now and I know where it's supposed to go. Please be patient with me. Thank you bluesyturtle for the read through! All remaining mistakes are my own.

See the end of the work for more notes

Circumstance and Chance

When Will knocked at the door he was nervous and concerned. Hannibal had missed their appointment and two more patients had waited in the waiting room of his office telling him the Doctor wasn't there and didn't answer their calls. Will had immediately set off and drove to the Doctor's house. Something was definitely wrong.

When nobody answered after his knocks he opened the door and stepped inside. The scent hit him at once and he almost staggered back out.

"Fuck," he muttered. He didn't move from the entrance. Couldn't. Not without some sign from the man living here. Will swallowed around the hard lump in his throat.

"Doctor Lecter? Hannibal?"

"In the kitchen," came the calm and clear reply.

Taking a deep breath, tasting the delicious smell on his tongue, he walked through the hallway and stepped into the kitchen. The scent was unbelievably strong in here, and Will tried to breathe shallow breaths and stay focused.

Hannibal stood at the kitchen counter chopping something, which wasn't unusual. What was a surprise was the dressing gown Hannibal wore instead of one of his spotless suits.

"Hannibal, what's going on?" Will asked from the door, not daring to step forward.

"I think you know quite well what is going on, Will."

"You're in heat." A sharp spike of *want* drove through Will's nervous system at the words. The knife faltered for a barely recognizable moment before it continued to cut through the meat in a neat rhythm.

“You don’t sound surprised.” Will heard the question in those words.

“It’s just unexpected. You were on suppressants last time I saw you.” Will let his eyes roam through the kitchen to avoid looking at Hannibal. He didn’t know how long he would be able to stay here without acting on his alpha instinct to mate the omega in heat. He doubted Hannibal would want that.

His words seemed to shock Hannibal, because he stopped working and looked up. Will finally looked closer and now he saw other signs as well. The doctor’s pupils were huge, swallowing all the warm brown color. Quickly avoiding those eyes he looked for more. There was a thin sheen of sweat on his temples, almost hidden beneath his hair that wasn’t slicked back anymore.

“You knew I was an Omega?” There was a slight waver in his voice at the end.

“Yes?” Will was confused.

“How long?!” Hannibal sounded agitated but visibly tried to get himself back under his iron control. It was a miracle that he was still standing here, chopping and cooking.

"From that first moment in Jack's office. It never came up, and since you took suppressants I thought you didn't want people to know." Will paused a moment wondering if he should ask. But he needed to know and leave as soon as possible. "Why did you stop? Taking them, I mean."

Hannibal resumed his work, but by now it was clearly visible that he was affected. There was a slight tremor running through the broad frame and the sounds of the knife turned irregular.

Will wondered how Hannibal was still standing anyway. The intensity of the smell indicated that the heat must almost be at full strength. That was usually the time an unbred omega wasn't able to function anymore, writhing, moaning and begging to be fucked.

"My doctor,” he downright growled the word, “advised it. It's dangerous to suppress for so long. I wasn't expecting the effects to set in so quickly." The knife clattered to the counter when a vicious quaver ran through Hannibal.

Will took an unconscious step closer, his instincts ordering him to help him, support him and take him to bed to fuck him through the mattress, to *mate*. But Will had never been a victim of his alpha instincts, his empathy helping him by overlaying them with those of others, and so he stopped and waited for Hannibal to get back his control.

"How do you plan on handling it?" he prompted gently when the man remained silent.

Taking a deep breath he straightened his back, looking as if absolutely nothing was wrong.

"The law states that every Omega has to be mated by the age of thirty." Hannibal turned around then, looking at Will with an intensity he even felt with his eyes dropped to Hannibal's bare throat.

"Will, everyone knows me in the higher society. Do you have any idea what would happen if word comes out I'm an unmated Omega? It would be a bloodbath and the strongest and stupidest Alpha would win and suddenly I'd be a slave. My life would totally be under their control, I wouldn't be able to make any decisions, and I would most likely have to give up my work as well. I'd probably be shown around like a trophy." Disgust was dripping from his trembling voice and there was a hint of desperation as well. He’d never heard so many emotions in Hannibal’s voice. The hormones must be weakening his ability to shield himself.

Will made the decision right then and there.

"Let me be your mate."

Hannibal's head snapped up, and Will backpedaled.

"Or I mean, I could help you through your heat and then you go on living your life and I'll live mine. I won't demand anything from you, but… but as your mate I can fend off other

Alphas. Otherwise everything would stay as it is now and you'd have to worry about it with every heat that's going to happen." Will held his breath and managed to meet Hannibal's gaze.

He frowned, clearly trying to find the catch.

When Hannibal nodded after what felt like an eternity, still clearly reluctant, Will was relieved. Finally he could repay the Doctor for everything he had done.

And then he realized what he'd actually just agreed to do. He would be Hannibal's mate. He was going to fuck Hannibal. The spike of heat almost sent him to his knees.
The arousal that had been simmering since he'd stepped into the house roared up in his blood and everything in him screamed to finally get close and *take*. But Will stayed where he was and waited.

Hannibal took a deep breath and Will knew he must be smelling his arousal by now. Will felt weirdly embarrassed about it.

Hannibal hesitated a few more moments, still uncertain and Will could understand him. Doctor Hannibal Lecter was a man who was in control of everything, even his emotions. Being an Omega, ruled by nature and society to be the weaker sex, ruled by his instincts to serve and please others must have been a worse destiny than death for this man. The suppressants had given him a free life under his own command without someone else influencing him or making decisions for him. And now that was over unless Will did this for him. He had to claim him to set him free. He shivered.

Finally Hannibal moved. He switched the oven off, but then his resolve seemed to leave him again.
He froze with his back to Will, staring at the wall in front of him.

Will realized that he was the one who had to close the gap between them.

As slowly as he could he walked across the room until he stood at arm's length behind Hannibal. He could see how tense he was, the miniscule shivers of the hands at his side. The control the man had was incredible.

"Hannibal." He wanted to touch so badly.

The man took a deep uneven breath and turned around, looking Will straight in the eyes. He felt how hard it was for Hannibal to confront an Alpha like that, while all his instincts screamed at him to submit, to kneel down and be taken.

"Hannibal, you don't have anything to prove to me. I know who you are. I know how strong you are. I've known all this time that you're an Omega and I've never treated you differently from anyone else. Relax. Let me do this for you. I won't regard you differently in any way afterwards, no matter what happens here."

Will opened his arms in invitation. Hannibal just needed to step into them.

The feverish man lowered his eyes and with another deep breath he lowered his head as well and closed the last bit of distance between them. Will wrapped one arm around Hannibal's back and with the other hand he brushed through his hair and gently pressed the head down onto his shoulder.

Strong arms finally came up behind him and closed around him like a vice. Will allowed himself for the first time to take a deep breath of that wonderful and enticing scent. Hannibal turned his head into Will's throat and let out a muffled whine. The man suffered.

"It's alright. You're doing so well," he whispered into the hair and Hannibal reacted with a push of his hips into Will, pressing his body closer, showing the first real sign of the arousal that must have been torturing him for hours now.

Will pulled Hannibal's head gently up and then they kissed for the first time. The taste was incredible, better than anything Will had ever tasted. He groaned softly into those full and soft lips. He felt how Hannibal tried to hold himself back, but Will wanted him to let himself go. Now that he started, he wanted everything. He deepened the kiss and with his other hand he worked his way under the dressing gown.

When his hand met naked skin, both gasped and Hannibal swallowed a moan. It seemed he didn't wear anything but a dress shirt under the gown. His heat probably made him sensitive to fabric on his skin.

Without pausing Will stroked across Hannibal's stomach and to his back, his ass and then his fingers found the first traces of slick dripping from Hannibal's hole. His heart rate doubled and he knew Hannibal could hear it.

Will stopped the kiss. "May I?" he whispered, his voice low and rough.

Hannibal turned his head away, closing his eyes, still struggling with what was about to happen. But by now the need must be unbearable and he nodded, his hips giving a slight push back into this hand.

Will stroked through his hair and roamed over the broad back with the other hand, trying to be comforting without appearing condescending, before dipping lower and into the hot and moist crevice between Hannibal's ass cheeks, finding his hole and stroking over it with his fingertips.

A violent shudder ran through the body in his arms and hands clawed painfully at his back, but Will didn't stop caressing the rim until he felt Hannibal cant his hips and opening up to him. In an easy glide through the slick he pressed two fingers effortlessly into Hannibal and went as deep as he could in this position.

Hannibal hissed as if in pain and his knees almost gave out under him. Will held him tight and pressed a kiss to his temple, not removing his fingers though.

"Do you want to move this to the bedroom? We'd be more comfortable there."

Hannibal nodded slightly and then he untangled himself, forcing Will's fingers to slip out of him, and with his inhuman resolve, straightened his dressing gown and led Will up the stairs.

Walking behind Hannibal he sniffed the fingers covered in the slick and *fuck* it was the best thing he'd ever smelled. Will quickly sucked the moisture off and *oh my god*, he knew one thing they'd definitely do.

Entering the room Hannibal had started undressing, the dressing gown already discarded on the floor and the shirt following right after.

Will had to grip the door frame hard to stay upright. The man was glorious. Muscular arms, shoulders, chest, flat stomach, narrow hips, long and lean legs. Collarbones sharp and defined and dark nipples standing out of coarse chest hair.

"You're the most gorgeous person I've ever seen, Hannibal."

For a moment there was pleasure in Hannibal's eyes, one of the most open expressions he'd ever seen on that face. He seemed to realize it as well and before Will could say anything else he turned around and crawled onto the bed, positioning himself on his hands and knees, giving Will the perfect view of his ass. He swallowed hard.

"I would prefer if we could get it done and over with, so I'll be myself again as soon as possible, Will."

Will frowned. He wanted to tell Hannibal, that this was part of him and it would be easier to just accept it, but he doubted the man would listen to him.

Instead Will was determined to make this good for Hannibal. He wanted to give him as much pleasure as possible so he wouldn't regret this. At least not all of it.

He quickly shed his clothes and finally he knelt behind Hannibal. His Omega. His *mate*.

With his hands he stroked from the back of his thighs up his ass, over the lower back and along the graceful arch of his spine up to those strong shoulders. He couldn't believe he was allowed to touch.

Hannibal's muscles tensed and he shook, clearly trying to control what Will's hands did to him, but his body betrayed him by letting out a gush of slick.

Will buried his nose in the cleft, taking a deep breath and licking over the soaked hole, tasting the intensity of the heat that wrecked Hannibal. And suddenly he understood that he was torturing the Omega unnecessarily.

In a quick move he draped himself over Hannibal's back, covering the man with his body.

"I'm gonna fuck you now, and I'll knot you and I'll make you *mine* and nobody will dare to touch you after this and when the worst of your heat has passed I'm gonna make love to you and I'll bring you so much pleasure. You deserve to be taken care of because you're doing so good, you're so strong, you're amazing, Hannibal."

A deep moan resonated through the man and Will took that as a yes.

He lifted himself up, gripped the slim hips with both hands and pressed in. The muscles opened up around him and the slick made it easy to glide into the heated channel in one slow thrust.

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When Will sank into him, his whole being narrowed down to the intense burn of being stretched.

The itching of his skin that had plagued him all day, the suffocating pressure on his chest, the heat burning him alive: all of it vanished and the only thing left was warm pleasure spreading through his abdomen and his ass.

The relief was almost overwhelming and Hannibal let himself fall to his elbows and groaned. Will stopped moving forward and he couldn't help but push back, seeking more, wanting Will deeper.

And Will gave it to him, withdrawing and pushing right back in and Hannibal saw stars at the intensity of it. His hands grabbed the sheets, and he started to curve his hips back, granting Will a better angle to drive deeper into his soaking wet hole.

"Yes, so good, you're doing so good."

Hannibal let out an involuntary whimper at the words, choking down the moans that wanted to spill out of him with every thrust. He hated how the heat made him feel. He was not a submissive fucktoy, and he would not spread his legs for an Alpha just because he praised him.

The urge to turn around and smash something into Will's head died the moment his prostate took a full hit and his orgasm wiped all coherent thought from his mind.

When he came back to himself Will's hands had started to roam over his back, his sides and flanks in a soothing and calming way and Hannibal let his head fall to the mattress, enjoying the strange mix of satiation and arousal that still flowed strongly through his veins. He felt Will's hard dick in his ass and Hannibal was quite sure he felt the beginning of the knot.

He'd never taken a knot before, but his body reacted on instinct, cock getting hard and a wave of slick flooding his channel again at the thought of the huge knot fucking into him, plugging him up while his Alpha pumped him full of seed.

His Alpha. Hannibal clenched his jaw. He would not start thinking like that, not even for Will. He was nobody's property. Tightening his muscles around the thick cock he hoped to hurry things along.

Will moaned and finally started a hard and fast rhythm pounding into him. With every thrust Hannibal could feel the expanding base now, stretching him wide, working through his rim.

It started to get slightly uncomfortable soon and he tried to concentrate on the pleasure of his stimulated prostate, but he already felt so full.

And then Will draped himself over Hannibal's back, covering him completely, while a hand gripped the back of Hannibal's neck, gently holding him still. Will stopped moving completely, his cock half out of his ass.

Hannibal blinked in confusion, swallowing the protest he had been about to voice and took a deep breath instead to clear his head a bit.

"Hannibal, you with me?" The deep and rough voice was directly next to his ear.

Lifting his head Hannibal swallowed hard and nodded as best as he could.

"Tell me you really want this. This is the last chance to back out of it. I still can help you through your heat without the mating. But once I knot you and mark you, you'll be mine and I won't just accept someone else in your life." Will almost growled these last words and Hannibal shivered as a bolt of arousal burnt his nerves and made him push back into Will's weight.

Hannibal realized he didn't want this to stop. He was just unsure of what he expected as an outcome. Will gave him an out here, but he'd also offered himself up to protect Hannibal without thinking about any consequences for himself. Hannibal trusted Will in his job and to be his friend and maybe it was time to trust Will with Hannibal's life as well. Maybe it was really time to take what was so freely offered.

Taking another deep breath he forced his body to relax and let Will's hand on his neck gently guide his head down to the mattress into submission.

Will actually growled deep in his chest then and the grip on his neck tightened almost painfully for a moment.

He started to slowly rock back into him until Hannibal could feel the knot pressing at his entrance, pausing there.

A hot mouth started licking and nipping his skin on his shoulders and neck and the other hand gripped his cock to start a fast and merciless rhythm and when his teeth bit down Hannibal moaned into the sheets. His whole being was centered on the place where Will's teeth broke his skin, but there was no pain. The spot heated up and tendrils flared all through his body, taking his breath away.

Will chose that moment to shove his knot into Hannibal, seating himself deeply in his tight channel.

Both of them groaned and Hannibal's orgasm blinded him, choking the last of the air out of his lungs. His muscles clenched around the knot and Will came with a shout, cock twitching inside him.

They stayed as they were, gasping, sweating and exhausted.

Slowly Hannibal came back to himself. Head and shoulders still pressed down to the bed by Will's hand, back arched and ass high in the air for the Alpha to take.

He suddenly felt sick, over this weakness, this submission his hormones forced on him.

Will's movement distracted him from his thoughts and when strong arms wrapped around his torso to carefully roll them both to their sides he sighed in relief and relaxed.

"Thank you, Will."

As an answer a kiss was pressed to the wound on his shoulder, carefully lapping at the blood and causing a sting. Hannibal moved his shoulder away, not wanting to feel the reminder of being owned now.

"I'm sorry," Will murmured. "I'm sorry it came to this. I hope you will forgive me at some point."

Fingers petted his chest softly, sliding through his chest hair and playing with his nipples. He tried not to press into the touch.

"It is not your fault, Will. Thanks to you things don't look as bleak as before." And to show him that he wasn't angry at Will, he gradually leaned back into him until they were pressed together again.

Will buried his face into Hannibal's hair, licking at the skin of his neck, over his racing pulse and his hips did a short aborted thrust into him, the knot pressing against his swollen entrance and over his prostate. Hannibal drew in a sharp breath at the punch of new arousal shooting through him.

Will started a slow rhythm of gentle movements, rocking the knot back and forth and Hannibal arched into the thrusts, his heat taking away his restrain once more.

Strong arms wrapped around him and for a few moments he lost himself in the feeling of being protected, safe and cared for while the pleasure running through him made him feel dizzy. He gripped Will’s arms tightly, clutching at them, feeling the muscles move under the skin.

The last coherent thought before the next orgasm hit was that this couldn't happen again.

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Considerations

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal are trying to come to terms with what happened and have some surprising revelations.

Chapter Notes

I am still completely overwhelmed by the response to the first chapter. Thank you so much for your Kudos and your kind comments and I really hope I won't disappoint all your expectations. *bows*

Thanks to bluesyturtle for being my beta. All remaining mistakes are my own.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was freezing cold in the house and Hannibal had wrapped himself tightly into his coat. He'd never liked the cold, since... his past.

Shouts of two FBI agents upstairs jerked him out of his musings and back to the crime scene he was standing in.

Everyone had left the room, so Will could do his work. He stood with his back to Hannibal, giving him the chance to catalogue everything.

Will had kept his promise and Hannibal hadn't seen him outside of their appointments and their work for Crawford, giving him time and space to get his life back in order.

Things had changed but not as much as he'd feared. He was using special products to cover up his stronger scent, so only people who got close to him would smell the difference and there weren’t many of those. He hadn't lost any patients so far; Alana was mostly upset about how she could've missed it for so long, and Crawford shrugged it off without much ado. He probably had experience with strong willed Omegas since Bella definitely didn't fall into the category of weak or submissive.

His hormones, now no longer suppressed, barely gave him any trouble. Hannibal's self control and restrain were strong enough that he could ignore all the new urges and thoughts well enough.

The only times it was harder was in close proximity to Will.

Being ignored by the Alpha was… uncomfortable… and he just wasn't able to squash the feeling. He knew Will did it because Hannibal had wanted it this way, but he hadn't expected the pain of being close to Will without actually interacting with him. Their appointments were stilted and strange with Will mostly staring into the distance and Hannibal trying to swallow the urge to place himself on Will's lap and ravish that mouth.

Hannibal came out of his thoughts when Will made a quiet sound of distress. His instincts told him to cross the room right now and touch, make sure he was all right and getting the attention he needed, but he fought the urge down. Will's alpha scent was strong in the room, mixed with the dried blood of the victims and Hannibal was torn between leaving the room to find fresh air or going over to Will.

He stayed where he was.

Hannibal tried to concentrate on their bond and search for Will's presence, but their bond was weak and unstable due to the lack of closeness and direct contact between them. He felt incomplete.

Will started to breathe heavily now and sweat shone on his neck.

"Will." Calling out to him usually didn't do much when Will was deeply immersed in a scene, but Hannibal hesitated to close the distance. When Will stumbled a step forward and his hands started to shake Hannibal couldn't stop himself anymore.

With a few fast strides he stood behind him and placed a hand gently between his shoulder blades.

The contact sent a warm feeling through him and something settled deep in his core. Will immediately calmed down, the shaking stopped and his breaths turning deep and regular again.

"Will," he murmured.

Leaning into Hannibal's hand on his back he slowly came out of his hypnotic state.

Hannibal's hand fell to his side when Will turned around and suddenly they were face to face. They hadn't been this close to each other since Hannibal's heat and both just stood there and breathed each other's scent in. Hannibal's eyes took in every inch of Will's face and he saw dark circles under his eyes, fallen in cheeks and pale skin. He looked sick. For the first time he realized that this might be just as hard for Will. He blamed his hormones for missing something this obvious for so long. He'd been way too caught up with his own troubles to think about Will.

"Thank you," he finally rasped and started to move past Hannibal to leave the room.

For a short moment the need to stop him and wrap his arms around Will was overwhelming, but he didn't move and listened to the door opening and closing after him. He could not start acting on his instincts. The complications of fully accepting Will as his mate were too huge, too unpredictable to even think of it. It could destroy everything.

Or not. Maybe it could be their making. Would Will report his Omega to the FBI when he realized he was the Chesapeake Ripper? At the moment he'd say he would, but their bond was weak and frail. A strong bond could maybe prevent a fall-out. It just had to be strong and deep enough. Hannibal would have to make some sacrifices to strengthen the bond and bind Will tightly enough to him, but he was sure he could manage. He knew Will well enough by now.

Then there was the darkness he'd sensed various times in Will. Hannibal knew there was something dark and even brutal in Will and maybe he could get it to the surface if he'd try…

With new ideas forming in his head he took one more deep breath and turned around to leave, just to find one of the local policemen standing in the doorway, staring at him intently. Hannibal cursed silently. Being with Will had probably strengthened his natural scent and this cop was clearly an Alpha who reacted to an unknown Omega who was on his own.

"Can I help you, Officer?" His voice was strong and steady and he held the cop's gaze without flinching away. He had challenged Alphas all his life and he felt just the tiniest bit of conflict with his instincts that urged him to look down and submit.

The Alpha walked into the room, eyes dark and clearly displeased with the challenge.

"Mind your place, Omega," he all but growled. "Why are you here alone, where's your Alpha?! You do have an Alpha, right?" He narrowed his eyes in suspicion and Hannibal wanted to punch his arrogant face and beat him into a bloody mess, but attacking an alpha policeman while outside of the house a dozen FBI agents swarmed around was a spectacularly bad idea.

"Of course, I have an Alpha. He's just outside with the FBI." Admitting took a huge weight from his chest he hadn't known was there and it felt better than Hannibal had ever expected. He hoped the cop would take the hint and take himself and his stench outside. Apparently though, this was one of the more primitive and stupid specimen and with another step he was right in Hannibal's face.

"Your Alpha should teach you some manners or I will do so!" His hand snapped up, going for Hannibal's throat, but before he even got close Hannibal had his wrist in a death grip and with two smooth moves he had the offending cop on the ground, kneeling on his back, his arm stretched up and backwards, close to breaking his shoulder.

Hannibal felt the moment Will stepped into the room and he froze, not knowing what to expect now.

"Are you done here? Jack will send in his team in a few minutes."

Hannibal's eyes snapped up, searching Will's face. His voice had sounded calm, but his eyes were furiously glaring at the man on the ground.

"Are you his Alpha? He attacked me! Do something to get this beast under control!!" he gasped and cursed when Hannibal tightened his grip.

Will stepped up to them and knelt next to the head of the struggling cop and Hannibal could *feel* the angry growl building in Will's chest.

His voice was lowered dangerously when he spoke. "As far as I can see nothing happened here, *Officer*. My Omega always has perfect control over himself and his actions and you should remember that once we leave."

Hannibal shivered at the tone and the praise caused joy to dance through him. It was hard to keep the smirk from his face.

"Okay, okay, I got it!" he gasped in pain.

Will's eyes flickered up to him then and with a tiny smile playing around his lips he got up to stand next to them.

The sudden change in position threw him for a moment and he killed the feeling of how right it felt to kneel next to Will right away. It was just hormones. Just. Hormones.

"Let him go. We're done here and ready to leave."

It wasn't an order but a casual thing to say to anyone. Hannibal released the man and got up to follow Will, who'd started walking to the door. He heard the man groaning behind him as he got up.

"This thing is dangerous and uncontrollable! You better make sure to chain it in your cellar before it kills someone!"

Will stopped and turned around, shooting Hannibal a quick urgent look in the process before facing the cop again. His eyes were almost feral by now.

"Funny, I've never had problems with him."

And then Will raised his hand towards Hannibal's face and he realized the look had begged him to play along.

Hannibal decided to do exactly that and lowered his head into the warm hand. A thumb caressed his cheek for a moment and Hannibal closed his eyes treasuring the soft touch of those gentle fingers. Then the hand slowly stroked downwards and for the shortest moment it put a slight pressure on his throat before the touch vanished and Hannibal opened his eyes, staring at Will who looked straight back and whispered, "Such a good boy."

Then he turned away and glared at the cop in the back of the room.

"No problems at all as you can see. Goodbye. I hope we'll never have to see each other again," Will hissed.

With that he turned around and left the room, Hannibal behind him.

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Will was furious. He wanted nothing more than to return to that room and add another body to the crime scene. With the murders still sharp in his mind he could easily imagine how it would feel to cut that cop to shreds and decorate the room with some more wall paintings of fresh blood.

He stepped out of the house and into the slight rain, taking a deep breath to calm down his fried nerves. He'd never been so close to losing control while he was awake.

"Will, are you alright?"

Hannibal was still right behind him and it distracted him momentarily. He threw a quick look over his shoulder to him, taking in the elegant coat and suit and his unruffled appearance as if he hadn't just fought with an Alpha and put him to the ground. As if he hadn't just put his face into Will's hand in a clearly submissive gesture. Will swallowed hard and looked down to the muddy pathway.

"I'm good. Just angry."

Hannibal stiffened.

"I will continue to defend myself when I feel it is necessary, Alpha or not." There was steel in Hannibal's voice.

Will looked up quickly. "What? Oh! No, I'm not angry at you! You had every right to defend yourself! I'm angry that you had to do it, because some stupid Alpha thought it was his right to treat you like that!"

Will lifted his hand to give a reassuring touch and let it drop immediately, cursing himself for the slip. There was nobody around and no need to keep up the pretence of being mates. Will swallowed his yearning. It was what Hannibal wanted and he would respect his wishes.

He turned around to walk to his car, just to remember that he'd arrived with Jack, who was still busy with the crime scene.

"You can drive back with me, Will."

He turned around halfway, glancing at Hannibal's coat.

"Are you sure? You don't have to…"

"I insist."

Will nodded then. He wasn't sure this was a good idea, but he wanted to get away from here, before he met that cop again and did something he'd regret. Then he remembered his bag.

"Just getting my bag, I'll be right with you."

He quickly went back into the house to get it, when he saw that cop talking to Jack at the end of the hallway. Both of them looked up when they heard him. The cop threw him a triumphant look, while Jack's face was unreadable.

Will swallowed the urge to shoot them both, grabbed his bag and went back outside and to Hannibal's car wanting nothing more than to forget this day had ever happened.

The atmosphere in the car was tense at first, but after a few minutes, when the car warmed up both of them relaxed. With the warmth, though, there came the scent. Will had almost forgotten how damn good Hannibal smelled, even without being in heat. Turning his head to the window he tried to distract himself by watching the landscape.

It was Hannibal who broke the silence. He usually was. "How are you feeling, Will? You don't look well."

He almost snorted at that, but that would've been extremely rude. This was Hannibal asking, not Jack or anyone else who wouldn't really care for an honest answer.

"I haven't slept well recently. I mean, worse than normal. And the latest murders aren't really good for any appetite I had left." He tiredly rubbed his face wanting nothing more than to sleep.

"Do you have to return to your place tonight? You could come to my house. Eat. Sleep. I have no other plans."

Will looked up in surprise. That was the last thing he'd expected to hear. Hannibal's eyes were on the street and his voice had sounded completely neutral without any inflection if he'd prefer Will to say yes or no. Will wanted nothing more than to say yes. He wanted to spend time with him, enjoy the calming influence of Hannibal in his kitchen and enjoying a fantastic dinner with him.

"Are you sure? I don't want to bother you or make you do anything you don't want to."

At that Hannibal threw him an amused glance.

"I'm quite sure you wouldn't be able to make me do anything I do not want to do."

Realizing the implications of what he'd just said Hannibal's amusement vanished, but Will ignored it and grinned into the general direction of Hannibal.

"You're probably completely right about that."

There was a short pause.

"That does not offend you?"

"Why should it? I told you before that you being an Omega doesn't change a thing for me and how I see you. I'm probably a very crappy Alpha all things considered." Will chuckled.

"You are a very good Alpha, Will." It was said in a low murmur barely audible over the sound of the heating and the motor, but it impacted on Will like a punch to the stomach. The words were like a balm on his torn soul and he had no idea how to properly react without doing something that could destroy this moment.

“I… thank you.” He almost stammered, fighting the tears he felt prickling behind his eyes.

Hannibal threw him a quick look. “I may have misjudged the impact it would have on us to create a bond and then ignore it. A huge failure on my part, especially since I regularly have patients who suffer from exactly this problem. I apologize.”

Will didn’t know what was happening right now. He gripped the door handle tightly and tried to sort his thoughts. What was Hannibal saying. Did he mean… Were they going to…

He swallowed hard and tried to fight the dizziness that tried to overwhelm him, rubbing his moist hands over his trousers and his chest. It was hard to breathe in the warm car all of the sudden because every breath gave him the scent of Hannibal and it was more than he could take at the moment.

“What are you saying?” He didn’t hope. Hope was bad. Hope never achieved anything other than him being left behind in disappointment.

“I am saying that my fear at having you as an Alpha was unfounded. As much as I am an unusual Omega, you are an unusual Alpha and maybe that’s exactly what both of us needed. I am asking for your forgiveness and the chance to rebuild our bond of you as my Alpha and I as your Omega.”

Will couldn’t help the gasp that escaped him. His insides were tingling and the urge to touch Hannibal, his Omega, became stronger with every second. They hadn’t properly touched in weeks.

“Will?”

“Yes! God, yes.” He couldn’t say more. There was something happening he’d never hoped to get and he was afraid it was just a dream.

When they finally stopped in front of Hannibal’s house Will immediately opened the door and stepped out, taking a few deep breaths to get back his control.

With shaking legs he followed Hannibal, who’d already entered his house.

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Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry that this chapter turned out so short and that there isn't any sex in this chapter. I promise I'll get to that soon XD

Unexpected

Chapter Summary

Things are moving forward for Will and Hannibal.

(I'm sorry, I suck at summaries -.-)

Chapter Notes

Still completely overwhelmed by all the feedback I'm getting. How did this happen.

Thank you bluesyturtles for being my beta even though you had so much other work to do :3 (All remaining mistakes are my own)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Hannibal woke up he was confused for a moment, not knowing where he was. And then he took in his surroundings and finally it sunk in that he was in his living room, lying on the couch, wrapped around Will Graham.

His cheek was pressed to Will's hard chest and both of his arms were wrapped around the slim waist and he was warm and comfortable despite his position.

Will was sound asleep, deep breaths lifting him up in a slow rhythm, one arm curling around Hannibal's back and resting on his hip. He pressed his nose into Will's shirt and took a deep breath, letting the aroma of sleep and Will's scent seeped into the fabric over two days wash over him.

The warm body felt amazing against him and he wondered how he made it so long without touching Will. The urge to cling more tightly was so strong it almost robbed him of his breath. Closing his eyes Hannibal concentrated on the calm heart beat under his cheek and relaxed.

He remembered how he'd cooked while Will marked essays in the kitchen the previous evening, both of them silent and engrossed in their work. It had been very relaxing and Hannibal enjoyed the company of someone who knew to be quiet and without wanting to look over his shoulder while he worked.

Their dinner was equally hushed, both needing the time to come down from the day and Will giving him that without him asking for it spoke volumes about how well they actually suited

each other.

After their conversation in the car he'd expected Will to jump him the moment he entered the house and in that moment Hannibal would've spread his legs for him, letting him do whatever he wanted, but it didn't happen. Will had brought his bag to the kitchen and had asked if he could work while Hannibal cooked. Hannibal wasn't sure if he'd been relieved or disappointed.

Afterwards they'd retired to the living room with a glass of wine and before Hannibal could start the conversation they needed to have about their future relationship, Will was asleep, his head lolling back to the couch, mouth falling open.

With a soft smile Hannibal plucked the empty wine glass from his hands and then he stood there, watching Will sleep. As gentle as possible he'd tried to rearrange Will on the couch so he was spread out, his head on one of the pillows, but even in his sleep Will had reached out and gripped Hannibal's wrist, tugging him down onto the couch next to him.

The feeling of being this close to Will, feeling his body, his warmth and strength was wonderful and with a small smile Hannibal had pressed as close as possible.

That's how they'd fallen asleep and Hannibal felt deep satisfaction over Will sleeping all through the night without nightmares. It would be another reason for Will to tighten the bond between them and make Hannibal an irreplaceable part of his life.

The bond that had barely existed the night before was already way more prominent in his mind. A solid presence in the back of his head reassured him that his plan was already working. Will would be his, soon.

Hannibal tried to untangle himself without waking him, but Will just tightened his arms and pressed him closer to his chest, turning his head to bury his nose in Hannibal's hair. The hand on his hip managed to slip under the shirt that got untucked during the night and his heart jumped a beat when the warm fingers splayed over his skin.

Since his heat they hadn't been this close. They hadn't even touched before yesterday, and now Hannibal's body decided that it was a good time to remedy that gross oversight by pooling warmth in his lower abdomen and to his dismay he felt the first signs of slick building deep inside.

Taking a deep breath he tried to decide if he should just do as his body demanded, hoping Will would participate, or if it would be better to try to delay the inevitable until Will was fully conscious. He still didn't know how Will really worked as an Alpha; what his expectations were and how Hannibal could work with them or around them, and right now he really didn't want to surprise him in a bad way and cause a rift between them.

They should have talked about this yesterday.

What would other Omegas do in his situation? Probably lie still and wait.

Hannibal smirked. One thing he'd never do was act like other Omegas.

Slowly he worked the hand lying on Will's stomach under the offending plaid shirt, finding warm and soft skin, and started to roam over each inch of it he could reach. It felt amazing to do this and the warm tingly sensation went from his fingertips up to his arms.

Will jerked awake but Hannibal felt him relax immediately and the sleepy "Good morning" made him smile in return. He looked up into Will's face and found a fond look and half lidded eyes watching him.

Hannibal lifted himself up and straddled Will's stomach while bending down to bring their faces close, putting his hands on Will's shoulders. "Good morning, Will. I hope you slept well?"

Will's hand found its way into Hannibal's hair and brought him down for a soft kiss, humming into his mouth in affirmation. The kiss stayed slow and unhurried for quite some while, until Hannibal started to undo the buttons of Will's shirt and caressed the skin he found there.

Will deepened the kiss then, sucking and biting hungrily at his lips and tongue. Hannibal felt a hand working the buttons of his shirt while the other one glided through his hair, massaging his scalp. It sent wonderful shivers down his spine and his hips started to twitch, the first drops of slick soaking his boxers.

Will broke the kiss to lick over his lips and back into his mouth. "God, I love your lips," he panted, and Hannibal swallowed a moan.

His shirt finally parted and a hot hand stroked over his chest, teasing his nipples and lightly scratching over his abdomen. Hannibal wanted more. He needed something. Anything.

He opened his mouth, but Will beat him to it.

"I want to taste you." His hand tightened in Hannibal's hair, bordering on painful and it made him whine in the back of his throat.

And then he realized what Will had actually meant and a gush of slick wetted his shorts making him grip the shirt he was holding onto hard.

Will's hands started to stroke reassuringly over his sides and thighs. "Would that… is that okay for you?" He sounded concerned.

Hannibal could only nod. He found himself under the command of the needs of his body and his body had decided they had to get onto that right now.

He went willingly when Will changed their positions until he was lying on his back. He could only try to keep breathing and lifting his hips when his trousers and shorts were removed. Will shoved a pillow under his lower body and then he stripped his own shirt to put it on the couch, effectively preventing slick from ruining the upholstery.

He covered Hannibal's body with his. Then they kissed again, urgent and almost sloppy.

“You smell so good, oh, God,” Will whispered into his ear, before he started to lick, bite and kiss along his collarbone and down to his chest. The skipping of his neck was obvious, but right now he had no time to think about that. Hannibal hissed and pressed upwards into that talented mouth when sharp teeth worked on his nipples.

He would not beg.

Hannibal brought his hands to Will’s head and buried them in the unruly locks, hesitating just a moment before applying some pressure to get Will where he wanted him most. And Will went.

When he felt the first hot breath on his cock he had to bite his lips hard, and then there were lips brushing his length and his fingers reflexively tightened around a fistful of hair. Will groaned and then strong hands stroke up his thighs behind his knees and lifted his legs up to spread them wide.

Hannibal suddenly felt unbelievably exposed, naked and small and his muscles locked up in reflex. He wasn’t in heat, so his senses weren’t overwhelmed and he wasn’t sure he could go through with this.

He hated feeling vulnerable and even during his heat the feeling had stopped him from letting Will rimming him.

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The moment Will felt Hannibal tense up he pulled his legs back down to straighten them and laid down next to him, kissing him softly. He should have thought of this.

“My apologies,” Hannibal muttered into the kiss.

“It’s all right. We don’t have to do it.” He softly touched Hannibal’s face with his lips over and over again, wanting to reassure and show that he wasn’t angry. With his hands he drew soothing patterns over the strong torso, enjoying the feeling of skin and the muscles underneath.

Gradually, he felt Hannibal relaxing again and Will silently breathed in relief.

“Do you want to get dressed? When do you have to be in the office?” He pressed a kiss to the slightly damp temple.

Hannibal turned his head and hid his face in the crook of Will’s neck and Will wrapped his arms around him as best as he could. “I have an hour before I have to get ready.” He hesitated a moment. “Will, I need…”

He turned his body until he was lying on his side, pressing his chest close to Will and lifting one knee up to put it over Will’s legs. His heart beat sky rocketed for a moment, and Will swallowed hard, holding Hannibal tightly to his chest.

His gaze fell on the mark on the back of his neck he’d left during Hannibal’s heat and he felt a strong surge of possessiveness, and he had to stop himself from biting down again. Instead

he placed a soft kiss on it, hoping the reaction would be better this time.

A firm grip landed on one of Will's wrists and guided the hand down to his ass.

"Are you sure it's okay?" he asked while spreading his fingers lightly over the firm curve of Hannibal's backside.

"Yes."

"You really don't…"

Hannibal growled at that and Will could feel the vibrations against his chest, and then there was the sharp twinge of teeth against his collarbone. Will hissed at the sudden electricity shooting through his nervous system, and his hips thrust forwards against Hannibal, his cock starting to harden again.

Both of them held very still for a moment, and Will closed his eyes when he felt Hannibal carefully taking his skin between his teeth again. Technically it was a breaking of the rules of conduct. Omegas didn't bite. Alphas did. It was the sign of possession and ownership. But Will had always had the suspicion that Hannibal was very possessive, and he liked the thought of his Omega marking him, declaring him *his*.

Hannibal released his skin and Will finally moved his fingers and worked two of them between the ass cheeks. He met heat and moisture, but nothing compared to the wetness he'd encountered during Hannibal's heat. He'd have to be way more careful this time. It was thrilling.

After rubbing tenderly over the hole for a few moments he slowly slipped his index finger into the tight heat and Hannibal gave a soft sigh. Will sought out that delicious mouth and fell into the kiss while his finger started a slow rhythm in and out.

Feeling more slick easing his way, he soon added a second finger. This time Hannibal pushed back, taking him deeper, and Will tried not to moan.

He could not believe Hannibal allowed him to do this. This was not heat induced. This was Hannibal really wanting him to do this. Just yesterday he'd thought he'd never be able to touch him again and now he had his fingers in his tight channel, slicked by his omega juices. For once he seemed to be on life's good side.

Pushing a third finger in Will started a slow and deep rhythm, brushing past Hannibal's prostate with every other thrust.

Hannibal clung tightly to him and started to writhe against his body with small moans escaping his throat constantly. The sensual movements combined with the sounds of pleasure had Will close to orgasm in a short time, but he refrained from touching himself. He wanted to reassure Hannibal and not lose himself in his pleasure.

With gentle strokes he massaged the inner wall and muscles, pressing into the prostate and obviously driving Hannibal out of his mind. His breath only came in gasps now, ghosting

over Will's chest, and his fingernails scratched over his back leaving burning stripes on his skin.

Will felt that Hannibal was close. His hips were twitching and his muscles tightening around his fingers, while his breath was coming in short bursts. He was a glorious sight, glistening with sweat, muscles tensing, face showing the pleasure running through him.

He wished he could knot him now to keep him like this for a while longer, but their time was running out, and they still needed to shower and clean themselves.

With a sharp thrust into the slick heat while spreading his fingers he pushed Hannibal over the edge.

He came silently, clenching his teeth as if in pain and Will leaned forward to press a soft kiss to those moist lips, feeling the rapid breath on his face. He slowly withdrew his fingers and brought them to his mouth, sucking them in and licking the moisture off with his tongue. The flavor exploded in his mouth, and Will couldn't stop himself from moaning at the sweet taste.

"You taste so good."

Will bent down to kiss him, but stopped and hovered over his mouth. Not everyone liked to taste their own body fluids, and he wanted to leave the decision to Hannibal.

Dark eyes were fixated on Will's lips and then he lifted his head to press his lips to Will's. It was a slow kiss with Will letting Hannibal explore his mouth and his own taste. He was quite sure Hannibal could feel the smile on his lips at his joy of Hannibal allowing this.

His mobile interrupted them abruptly and Will growled in frustration.

It could only be Jack. There weren't a lot of people who would call him and one of those three was with him in the room. Alana hadn't called in a while.

He sat up to find his trousers at the end of the couch and fish his phone out of his pockets.

"Will…"

Will stopped and turned to Hannibal, who was frowning at him.

"You didn't come." A hand moved towards his cock and Will stopped it with a tight grip.

"It's okay. I don't need to. Go shower and I'll deal with Jack." He gave a small reassuring smile, before picking up his phone. It was indeed Jack.

"Jack?" he asked.

"Will. Can you come around today?"

"Yeah, sure. I only have one lesson after lunch. Will 3 be okay?"

"Alright, bring Hannibal with you."

Will opened his mouth, but stopped.

“Did you just…?” Will swallowed the bile. “Just so you know, Jack. I am not *bringing* Hannibal at all. I will *ask* him, if his schedule allows it and if he *wants* to accompany me.” He hung up without waiting for Jack’s answer. Fuming he looked up to see Hannibal still standing in the door, watching him with an unreadable look on his face.

“Was that…?”

Hannibal smiled then. “Yes, thank you, Will.”

Then he turned around and left, and Will let himself fall back onto the couch and took a deep breath. Why did people have to be such assholes? As if Hannibal suddenly was a completely different person, just because his sex changed. He was neither weak nor had he lost his ability to think for himself.

Closing his eyes, Will concentrated on their bond. It was way stronger already; not strong enough to emit emotions between them, but a slow pulsing manifestation in his head. Will found he didn’t mind as much as he thought he would. Apparently it was something different when your mate was in your head. Now if he could just get rid of that damn stag.

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The silence in Jack’s office was uncomfortable and Will nervously fiddled with one of the buttons of his jacket while Jack scribbled stuff into a file and Hannibal sat calmly in the chair next to him.

This must be about something different than a case or they’d already be talking. Will remembered the look of the cop when he saw him talking to Jack, and he had the sinking feeling he knew where this was going.

Finally Jack put his pen away, steepled his fingers and looked at him with a serious expression.

“Today I’ve had a police officer claim that your Omega is dangerous and that you’re not able to control him. He demanded that you’ll be relieved of your ownership and the Omega to be transferred to him.”

Will couldn’t believe it and he felt a strong wave of rage almost choking him.

“That Omega is Dr. Hannibal Lecter, and he’s sitting right in front of you.”

Jack’s eyes didn’t even waver for a second away from Will, and it made him even more furious.

“So what you’re saying is that you can’t control him; you don’t even want to. Am I getting that right?”

Will opened his mouth to say precisely that, but he caught himself in the last moment. Jack wanted him to say exactly this, so he could take Hannibal away from him. He would not let

that happen. With an angry glare at Jack he took a deep breath to calm his frantic mind.

“No, that’s not what I’m saying,” he pressed out between clenched teeth.

“Then why is he sitting on a chair? You think those cushions next to the chairs are just there for fun?”

Will looked down next to his feet, glowering at the offending pillow and when he looked back up he saw an amused Jack. He thought he got him now, because there’d be no way Dr. Lecter would degrade himself far enough to kneel at Will’s feet.

But Will remembered how Hannibal had reacted when Will wanted to display his obedience in front of the cop and he knew he had to try.

“Hannibal.” It was no question, it was no command, just the name, and with his hand he did a small wave towards the cushion left side of his chair.

And Hannibal got up without a moment of hesitation and with a graceful and smooth movement he folded his legs and knelt down right next to Will. His shoulder was brushing Will’s knee and his head was bowed down, presenting his bare nape to the Alpha next to him.

Will thought his heart would jump out of his throat at the image of Hannibal submitting to him like this and he had trouble breathing for a moment. He desperately tried to control his features so Jack wouldn’t realize that this was everything but common behavior, but tearing his gaze away from Hannibal he saw that it wouldn’t have been necessary. Jack stared in shock at Hannibal, mouth almost gaping and the satisfaction and relief helped Will to calm down.

Hoping he wouldn’t overstep Hannibal’s boundaries he lifted his left hand and slowly put it on his neck, spreading his fingers over the soft skin there and brushing the shorter hair above his nape.

“Happy now?” he prompted Jack when he didn’t say anything.

Jack snapped out of his stupor. “Yes, yes, of course, that’ll do.”

And then he started talking about their latest case, but Will was barely listening. He still marveled over the man sitting absolutely calm at his feet, leaning slightly into his touch and clearly enjoying the feeling of his fingers stroking him.

Will had never expected in his life to be worthy of an Omega’s trust and loyalty. He wasn’t good with people and relationships, and he never thought he’d end up married or, god forbid, as a father. The only company he sought out was the one of his dogs.

And then Hannibal had appeared in his life and from a psychiatrist he turned into a friend, and suddenly he was his Omega. Introduced by Jack Crawford. Will almost laughed out loud at this. He felt like some sort of social experiment, and the worst thing was that he liked how things had turned out at the moment. He probably shouldn’t tell Hannibal.

Slowly he let his hand drop a bit and put his palm over the place where he knew the mark was hidden underneath the suit. Hannibal didn’t react at all, but he didn’t draw away and that was enough for Will.

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Chapter End Notes

Started writing chapter 6 now and planned on updating about once a week. Unfortunately all my betas are hopelessly busy with Real Life at the moment, so if anyone wants to help me or knows someone, I'd be eternally glad.

If all fails I'm gonna post un-betaed even though I really would prefer not to do that XD

Setting the Stage

Chapter Notes

This fic is becoming a monster. I very lovely monster. It's eating my life.

Thank you to my lovely new beta DarkmoonSigel! You're doing a wonderful job and all remaining mistakes are my own.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When they stepped out of Jack's office, Hannibal was deeply calm and centered in himself. Even his ice cold fury at Crawford had calmed down. Not that he didn't feel calm and centered almost all the time, but that was usually due to his own methods.

Hannibal had been prepared for some kind of stunt by Jack to challenge him and Will, so it hadn't been a problem for him to kneel next to Will. At the very least, the cushion had protected his suit.

What he hadn't been prepared for was the feeling of kneeling next to Will, and having his warm fingers gently stroke his nape and neck. He'd been a solid and comfortable presence next to him, and it had been easy to shut out everything that was happening around him to concentrate on that touch and empty his mind.

When Will's warm hand had dropped to his mark, his whole conscious being had centered in on the spot where Will's teeth had broken skin and staked his claim on him. When the expected urge to flinch away hadn't come, Hannibal knew that the next step in fully accepting his Alpha had been done. The thought of it didn't disturb him as much as it had before.

As the hand left his shoulder, Hannibal snapped back to the here and now of the office, hyperaware of every sound and movement. With an unexpected press of power running through his veins, Hannibal almost felt as if he were under the influence of adrenaline during his hunts.

While the two Alphas nitpicked back and forth on the case, Hannibal quietly followed Will and Crawford down the corridor, still taking in everything with sharp clarity. Upon entering the elevator though, Jack found himself called away by another agent, leaving Will and Hannibal to ride alone in the small space. It was close enough for Hannibal to hear Will release his breath in a deep sigh, the sound of it seemed to tug at Hannibal‘s core. Wanting to feel the heat of that body again, Hannibal turned, stepping closer to Will who looked over but not directly at him.

“Are you alright?” Will murmured, eyes fixed on his tie. “I'm sorry you had to do this.” There was a slight touch on Hannibal's arm, barely noticeable through his suit, but it sent

heat through his whole arm. Hannibal bent down to press a soft kiss to the corner of Will's mouth, feeling the rough stubble on his lips.

"I am fine. I was expecting something like that and was prepared."

Will let out a soft snort and a small smile appeared around his lips.

"You're amazing, you know that?"

"Yes, of course."

That brought out a full smile from Will. Suddenly, Hannibal found himself pressed into the wall of the elevator by a hard body, and opening his mouth to the hot tongue seeking entrance. Heat poured immediately into Hannibal's stomach, a tickling sensation in his core making his hips twitch.

Unfortunately, it was over as fast as it began, Will stepped back too soon for Hannibal's new found interest. Feeling cold and bereft, even if it was only for a moment, Hannibal collected himself. It proved to be well timed on both their parts though, the elevator doors opening as another intruded upon them.

The doors parted to reveal Brian Zeller who was intently reading a file as he stepped into the elevator to join them. The doors hadn't even had time to close behind him before his head snapped up, Zeller sniffing the air.

"Oh, hi, Will. Dr. Lecter." Zeller sniffed again. "Has one of you been in contact with an Omega recently? Fuck, whoever this is smells delicious."

Out of the corner of his eyes, Hannibal saw Will stiffen. Hannibal reacted quickly.

"That might have been me. One of my patients this morning," he answered smoothly.

"Oh right, of course." Zeller shrugged. "Don't know how you do that. I haven't been between an Omega's legs in way too long. You don't have a suggestion by the way? Something sweet and willing?"

"Zeller!" Will sounded angry while Hannibal tried to distract himself by mentally going through recipes he wanted to try soon.

"Yeah, yeah. Sorry." Zeller didn't sound sorry.

As they made their way to the morgue in silence, Hannibal tried to walk as far away from Zeller as possible without raising suspicions. He didn't need Zeller to realize that it was his scent and not some other Omega. Zeller was a truly annoying Alpha, and he really didn't need him in his personal space more than necessary.

While the science team and Will stood around the corpse, Hannibal stayed in the background to listen. He wasn't down here very often, because it probably would be too obvious when his interest in bodies surpassed what was considered normal.

Much to his annoyance, Hannibal noticed that Zeller kept throwing him sideway glances. Hannibal thought about excusing himself and going back up to the car, but didn't want to draw even more attention to himself. In the end, it was Katz who broke the status quo out of nowhere, her head snapping up suddenly as she stared Hannibal down.

"You're an…!" Katz almost shouted, a grin playing at her lips. That was as far as she got before Will had his hand around her throat, growling menacingly.

"Hannibal, go and wait in the car."

Hannibal hesitated only for a moment. As much as he would like to see what would happen here next, Hannibal decided that it would probably be better if he obeyed to avoid any more conflict. Turning around, he calmly walked back to the elevator at an unhurried pace, hoping to catch some sounds of struggle.

Making it out of the building without drawing any more attention to himself, Hannibal sat in the car, finally allowing himself to draw a deep breath. Clenching his hands around the steering wheel, Hannibal knew he had to go hunting. Soon. He needed to get rid of all the tension that had built up over the last few weeks. It would be his first hunt since he'd stopped taking suppressants, and he had to find out if it changed anything vital about him. He needed to restock his freezer anyway, especially if Will planned on being at his place more often.

The door of the car opened, Will dropping into the passenger seat, bringing with him a strong wave of pheromones from angry Alphas. The urge to shrink away from Will surprised Hannibal. It also angered him. Forcing himself to ignore it, Hannibal looked at Will. He appeared to be exhausted.

"Are you alright, Will?"

"Yes. People just infuriate me. Why is this such a big business? Why change everything just because of some different hormones? God." Will shook his head, rubbing his hands over his face in an angry motion. Hannibal put his hand on Will's thigh, feeling strong muscles and warmth radiating through the fabric.

"You didn't have to step in. I know how to handle myself. I don't want to cause you any trouble."

Will cradled his hand in both of his, bringing it to his mouth to press a soft kiss to his knuckles in a calming gesture. It was a sweet overture of affection, though Hannibal suspected it was more to his own benefit. Will still seemed agitated.

"I know. I just… it was…" he grimaced, "Instinct… I'm sorry."

Will's thumbs started to caress his fingers, his palm, and the sinews, making Hannibal want to close his eyes, and bathe in the feeling of being explored and cherished.

"I love your hands," Will murmured quietly. It was spoken softly enough that Hannibal wondered if those words were meant to be said out loud at all by Will. Hannibal did his best to ignore how warm the compliment made him feel.

“Will there be problems with the team? Should I stay away in the future?”

The caressing stopped, but Will didn’t let go of his hand.

“No. There’d better be not. I made it quite clear that if they can’t control themselves and their behavior, they can do the profiling on their own, and that they’ll be the ones who’ll explain it to Jack why I‘m not there.”

There was a smirk on Will’s face now. Its presence made Hannibal lean over to press a kiss to it. Will rarely got the chance to stand up for himself because of his empathy and Aspergers. That he did it now to protect Hannibal… he felt his heart swell.

The kiss stayed light and slow. Hannibal took a deep breath, taking in every detail of Will’s scent, letting it wash over him. When they broke apart, Will looked nervous.

Hannibal tilted his head. “Will?”

“I was, I mean, would you… Would you mind a lot if I spend the night at my house? I need to see my dogs…” Will’s hands tightened around his fingers.

“Of course not, Will. We still have two separate lives, just as we agreed on. You can go and stay at your home with your dogs. You can also call me whenever you want and my door will always be open for you.” He pressed a kiss to Will’s temple, lingering there for a moment before drawing back. A small smile graced Will’s face though he still chose to address the dashboard with it instead of Hannibal.

“Thank you. You’re the best thing that has ever happened to me. I thought you should know.”

Before Hannibal could respond though, Will opened the door and climbed out of the car, shutting the door gently behind him. Breathing a deep sigh of relief, Hannibal watched Will walk across the yard to his own beat up car. With Will not staying tonight, he could use this opportunity to go hunting. Hannibal already had someone in mind who would be perfect for what he was planning tonight. Before he could set any plan into motion though, his mobile rang. Fishing it out of his coat, Hannibal looked at the private number. Frowning, he took the call.

“Dr. Lecter.”

“*Hello, Dr. Lecter. It’s Bella Crawford.*”

Hannibal’s eyebrows rose in surprise at the identity of his least likely of callers.

“Mrs. Crawford? What can I do for you?” This should be interesting.

“*I know it’s probably inappropriate, but Jack told me what happened to you, and I just wanted to offer my help if you have any questions or need advice. Suddenly living the life of an Omega, falling in heat and getting claimed by an Alpha at the same day must be completely overwhelming.*”

“Thank you for your concern Mrs. Crawford.” Hannibal thought for a moment about how much he could tell her, considering she’d probably confide in her husband.

“I might have a question about something. Most of my life I lived as an Alpha, so I lost some parts of the typical body language to communicate with my Alpha on a basic level.” He hesitated a moment. “Especially the submissive ones.”

Hannibal smiled slightly. Of course he knew everything about it, but maybe this would really find its way to Jack Crawford, making him believe that Hannibal actually planned on being a pet. That he was ready to please his Alpha as best as he could. How could he ever be considered being a murderer?

“*Alright. Well, let’s see. There are the Big Three, the most important signs that you’re submitting to your Alpha. Kneeling, baring your throat, and of course, letting them knot you without you being in heat.*”

Hannibal shivered at the words.

“*Have you kneeled for your Alpha?*”

“Yes, I have.”

“*Was it an order, or did you do it on your own, because that’s a huge difference to them. Every little bit of submission you show on your own without their prompting is actually the best way to make them happy. Alphas are easy like that.*” He could hear the smile in her words. Hannibal knew he’d judged her correctly.

“*And submission doesn’t just mean doing exactly what he wants from you. It means anticipating his needs and caring for him. It’s probably going to be hard for you to let go of your rigid self control after fighting and suppressing your instincts for so long. Alphas usually feel when something is forced and what comes naturally, so you should try to just let him take control and let go as best as you can. He wants to protect you and be the one you turn to when in need. Giving him that will win you his utmost love and loyalty.*”

Hannibal pretended to hesitate before thanking Bella and saying his goodbye. Her words were nothing new to him, but it was still different hearing it from an Omega than reading it in a book.

Taking another breath, Hannibal started the car and drove to his house to start preparing for the night. He’d had the perfect idea to give Will a chance to show how much he really cared.

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It took about half an hour for Will to calm down all his dogs, feed them and let them out to stroll around the house before some sort of calm returned to the pack. They had missed their Alpha, and Will felt truly sorry for leaving them alone for that long. Winston had taken the leading position as his Beta, so at least they refrained from destroying his house while he was gone.

He wondered if Hannibal missed him. It was a weird thought….that someone might miss him, or even just think about him when he wasn't there.

Will sat down on the steps of his front porch, wrapped tight in a thick jacket, watching his dogs roam around. The air was cold enough to burn in his nose, but it cleared his head and woke him up.

Will had never thought about himself as someone who could be loved. He only touched people's life fleetingly, in passing and when he went out of their life again, they forgot him. It hadn't bothered him in a long while. He'd made his peace with the fact that he'll be alone with his dogs for the rest of his life. For a short while, he'd thought Alana could change that, but it had just ended as he'd expected.

And now there was Hannibal. Nobody had ever had such a huge impact on his life before. Will took a deep breath at the thought. His Omega. Never in his life had he expected to be mated at some point. His dad had tried to teach him how Alphas acted, but Will just thought it stupid. Everybody in school had thought he was a Beta, and Will had liked it that way. Fewer chances to draw attention to himself pretending to be something he wasn't, a lot like what Hannibal had done.

He had been so incredibly lonely.

Will swallowed around the painful lump in his throat. He'd always been the odd one out, the weird one, the one at the back of the room forgotten by everyone else, but being invisible had been preferable to other options. Not once had he expected to lay claim to another or be given the opportunity to.

And now he had a mate.

Will would never forget their time together during Hannibal's heat. He found it hard to breathe when he remembered how Hannibal had held onto him tightly in the short hours of respite between strong heat waves, falling into exhausted sleep completely drained. He had needed Will, and in all his life, nobody had really needed Will like that. It had been a powerful experience, and Will wanted to feel it again.

During the Heat, he'd held Hannibal tightly to his chest, kissing his forehead while whispering soothing words into the sweaty hair until he'd woken up again aroused and ready for another round. In the end, Will thought that Hannibal won't remember much besides the first and last few hours, because everything in between must've been a feverish haze. He even had to make sure Hannibal drank some water so he didn't dehydrate. He had been at his complete mercy, and Will was torn between hating it and loving it.

A cold wet nose at his hand jerked Will out of his memories.

"Hey, Winston," he murmured and patted the furry head. A second later he realized that he was achingly hard, caused by the memories of Hannibal's heat. The urge to get into his car, and drive to his mate was strong now. Will tried to breathe through it with clenched teeth, but his heart throbbed painfully with every beat.

Ten minutes later, he was sitting in his car again. The dogs were back in the house, and he'd made a call to his neighbor to feed them and let them out until he was back. He felt sorry to do this to them, but the exhilarated happiness to be on his way to Hannibal was stronger.

When he was just half an hour away, Will wondered if he should give Hannibal a call to tell him that he was on his way. Maybe he wouldn't like to be surprised like that, especially at this hour. The sun had vanished behind the horizon a while back now, the shadows growing long as they merged into the coming night.

With a shaking hand, Will pulled his mobile out from his jacket when he saw something that made him freeze. At the crossroads right in front of him sat Hannibal's car waiting for the traffic light to turn green, Will recognizing the license plate in an instant.

Had his car been stolen? And if it hadn't been stolen, what was Hannibal doing here and where was he going at this time? Will frowned in thought as he studied the vehicle.

When the car took a turn to the motorway, Will put his phone away after switching it off, following Hannibal's car in a safe distance. He needed to know what was going on.

He had a very bad feeling about this.

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Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry to end it here? Exciting things to come! *runs and hides* XP

Revelations

Chapter Summary

Things get really interesting from here on ;)

Chapter Notes

Thank you DarkmoonSigel for the amazing beta job <3 (all remaining mistakes are my own)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They drove about an hour into the middle of nowhere. Will soon had to drop out of sight, because Hannibal would have noticed the single car following him through the night, but he managed to catch glimpses of him now and then.

When the red glow of breaking lights in the distance told him that Hannibal must've left the main road he slowed down and carefully drove on until he found a small road leading into the woods.

His heart was pounding in his chest and adrenaline flooded his veins and Will put his car to a stop soon after leaving the main road in fear he'd stumble upon Hannibal before he was ready. He needed to mentally prepare himself for the confrontation that most likely would be happening.

The air was crispy cold and Will took a deep breath, feeling the sting of it in his lungs.

Hannibal's car stood about half a mile down the road, hidden between trees and Will would've walked passed it, if he weren't looking for it. Soon after the road ended and narrowed down to a small pathway, barely visible between bushes and trees.

Will slowly walked along the path, putting his feet carefully on the ground hoping not to make too much noise. The darkness was only interrupted by moonlight that managed to work its way through the clouds now and then and Will didn't want to stumble right now. He had no idea where he was going. He only knew he had to follow Hannibal to wherever he had gone.

This whole situation was surreal and Will wondered if he really was awake or if he was dreaming all of this. Everything about this had the potential of turning into a nightmare. Hannibal driving to the woods at such a late hour, leaving his car standing in some hidden

niche between the trees and then walking into the forest as if it was the most normal thing in the world? Yes, nightmare, right there.

Will didn't know how far behind he was, but he tried to be as silent as possible in case Hannibal had stopped somewhere.

Suddenly he heard quick footsteps crunching over dry leaves and frozen earth. Someone was running.

Will dove into the bushes next to the path, hoping that his clothes were dark enough to hide him between the leafless branches. Calming his breath he listened more closely and realized that the footsteps sounded regular and unhurried in their pace, more like a jogger than a person who fled from…whatever.

Who goes running at such an hour and in this area?

A light appeared in the direction of where Will had come from and a few seconds later Will indeed saw a man running towards him, wearing sports clothes and a lamp on his head lightening the way.

When the person had passed Will climbed out of the bushes and followed him more quickly now. He didn't know why, but he had the feeling that this man was the reason why Hannibal was here.

Barely a minute later he reached a clearing illuminated by the bright light of the full moon and what he saw let him freeze.

The jogger was a dark lump on the ground while Hannibal stood over him. He must have undressed while waiting for the man because the moonlight shone onto his white dress shirt and made him look as if he was glowing in an eerie white light.

There were dark stains on his shirt and with growing shock Will realized that it was blood. What the hell was going on here. Was Hannibal hurt? Or was it the blood of the man on the ground?

Will was still frozen to the spot, standing in the deep shadows of some trees, unable to move or say something.

Hannibal moved and something glinted in the light. A knife.

Bending down he sliced in quick moves through the clothes of the man until he was left in his underwear. Hannibal went to the edge of the clearing and came back with a bag and went to work immediately. He unpacked several things and Will thought he recognized bundles of ropes and some containers. He still didn't move from his place behind the tree, rooted to the spot by shock and morbid fascination.

Hannibal now unrolled the ropes and started to throw the ends upwards over the thickest branches above him. Will realized that Hannibal had planned this for a while. He knew the place by heart, or he wouldn't be able to find the right spots for the ropes in the darkness

even with the full moon shining. That man on the ground wasn't a random victim, no; Hannibal had waited for him at this exact spot with his equipment stashed right next to the path.

And suddenly he knew what Hannibal was doing. He wanted to string the man in the air between the trees!

Will's legs almost gave out when the next thought invaded his mind, driving with unforgiving force and like a hot iron into his brain.

The Chesapeake Ripper. Hannibal was the Chesapeake Ripper.

At that point Will's mind simply shut down. Unable to comprehend the implications of this revealing he just watched the proceedings unfold.

When Hannibal started to pull the man up into the air with the ropes Will could hear a low moan. With frightening detachment he noted that apparently the man was still alive, but his main focus was on Hannibal.

He was calm and sure in everything he did and it showed how much strength he possessed in how effortlessly he lifted the man up into the air. Will couldn't stop himself from admiring Hannibal and how hot he looked ending this man's life. He could already see that this would become one of the Ripper's more impressive displays.

After about ten minutes of work there were so many ropes twisted and stretched between the trees and the man that it looked as if he was caught in the middle of a huge spider web. He was struggling now, fighting to free himself from the bindings, but Will doubted he'd manage.

Hannibal stepped back and looked at the result for a moment before he went to his bag to retrieve the knife he'd put aside.

Will took a deep breath. He knew what would happen now. Hannibal would cut the man open and remove all organs he deemed the victim unworthy of. In his classes he'd called the Ripper's murders art and to watch it happening right in front of his eyes didn't change his opinion. It was beautiful.

Everything here was about the absolute control Hannibal had over the victim and Will wondered how he ever thought he could be the Alpha in this relationship.

The now whimpering man tried to beg for mercy, but Hannibal set to work without reacting to it in the least.

Will fought the urge down to step closer to see more. What the hell was wrong with him. He should stop him, free the man and call Jack.

Acid rose in his throat and he almost gagged at the thought of handing his Omega over to Jack Crawford. He couldn't do it. Hannibal was *his* and nobody else was allowed to touch him! The strength of his possessiveness surprised Will, but he embraced it, marveled in it.

He'd never had something as beautiful as Hannibal and he would not let it go again just after he'd found it.

The victim was silent now and considering his stomach gaped open Will very much doubted that he'd utter another word.

Hannibal put whatever he'd taken out of the body in the boxes and after a few minutes he had everything stashed in the black bag. Before he turned around Will stepped out onto the clearing and into the moonlight. Taking a deep breath he tried to regain his composure, because he would need it.

He had no idea who this Hannibal Lecter was. He knew Hannibal Lecter the psychiatrist, helping him and the FBI and he prided himself in knowing the Chesapeake Ripper quite well, but both in one person? That was someone completely new.

Finally Hannibal seemed to be happy with the crime scene, picked up his bag and turned around to leave.

The second he saw Will he froze on the spot.

Will felt Hannibal's confusion, anger, shock and he wondered which emotion would win out in the end.

Hannibal recovered quickly from his surprise and slowly started to move towards Will. There was uncertainty now as well. He had no idea how Will would react.

Stopping about an arm's length away he put his bag to the ground without leaving Will out of his eyes. He was weary, but nothing of it showed on his face, which was an expressionless mask.

Will could see him clearly now. His white shirt was in disarray and a huge blood stain covered his right shoulder. His hair was tousled and was hanging into his shadowed eyes. He had a cut on his cheek and blood had run down to his chin and dried and thin trails of blood also came out of his nose. The fury about someone hurting his mate quieted down fast. Hannibal was not weak.

He looked like a wild animal, only calm on the surface, but a volcano on the inside.

Will took a deep breath, smelling the air between them, scenting the blood, Hannibal's body, but no arousal. He'd always suspected that the Ripper didn't do his killings for such a low reason as sexual arousal, but now he was sure of it and Will didn't know how important that had been to him until now.

Will didn't know how long they stared at each other, before he finally found the strength in himself to speak. He opened his mouth, but before he could utter a single word, Hannibal lowered his head and knelt down on the ground before him.

His breath left him in a rush and for a moment Will thought the ground had been ripped from underneath his feet.

The Chesapeake Ripper was submitting to him and Will had trouble to focus.

Still speechless he stepped closer to Hannibal until he could reach out and touch his bloody face. With his fingertips he brushed the hair away and gently placed his palm on Hannibal's cheek.

Joy bubbled in his stomach when he felt him pressing back into his hand. He was still his.

With his fingertips he lifted Hannibal's face up, urging him to look at him.

"Are you hurt?" he asked gently.

Hannibal shook his head minutely trying not to dislodge Will's hand.

"Good. We should leave. "

But neither of them moved, still caught in the tense atmosphere of the moonlit clearing with a strung up and disemboweled body hanging behind them. They hadn't even managed to talk about their relationship and now there was so much more they had to discuss.

Will couldn't look away from the blood smeared all over Hannibal's face and finally he moved his thumb to wipe it across his upper lip, catching some blood in the process. He lifted his hand away and slowly licked the blood off.

A low heat started to simmer in his gut and he tried to get himself back under control.

He regarded Hannibal for a moment. His kneeling stance was open, not defensive, knees wide apart and his gloved hands lying relaxed on his thighs, face turned upwards and neck unprotected. He was the perfect picture of submission and it sent shivers through his body. He wanted to take him right here and now on the frozen ground sinking into his heat and losing himself in passion.

Watched by the dead eyes of a corpse.

Will tore his gaze away from Hannibal to take a quick look at the body.

"Let's go," he finally said, reluctantly letting go of Hannibal's face, and turned around walking back to their cars, not waiting to see if Hannibal followed. He had the feeling that after these last minutes Hannibal would follow him everywhere.

Will knew he'd surprised him. He'd surprised himself with his reaction, or lack thereof.

He'd thought his sense of right and wrong would be unshakable. He knew what Hannibal did was wrong, very wrong, but somehow along the way Hannibal had become more important than justice. As an employee of the FBI he should report this right away, and considering what all the previous serial killers had done to his mind it shouldn't even be a question for him. And yet, here he was, calmly accepting that Hannibal had killed more people than he'd ever know in the most gruesome ways and that he was *eating* them.

Will probably had eaten his share as well. He swallowed hard. That would take some time to adjust.

The quiet sound of Hannibal's footsteps behind him was reassuring and he took a deep breath. They would talk about this right away once they arrived at Hannibal's house. They had to. Boundaries needed to be set and they had to talk about all possible outcomes for them. Having a murderer as your mate slightly complicated things.

When they reached Hannibal's car Will turned around and watched him putting his bag into the trunk. The interior was completely covered in tarp. Of course it was.

"My car is a bit down the road. I'll follow you to your house."

Hannibal nodded once and Will started walking, trying not to think about how hard it was to let him out of his sight right now, when all he wanted was to touch and taste and reassure himself that Hannibal was fine and his.

The drive back passed in a blur and Will only came back to himself when he switched off the motor in front of Hannibal's impressive house. For a moment he just sat there and breathed while the clicking of the cooling car filled the silence.

He could do this.

Hannibal was already working in the kitchen when Will finally entered the house. He stood in the door, not knowing what to do with himself.

"I'll be in the living room. Join me when you're done," he said and fled.

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Standing in the bathroom door that led to the master bedroom, Hannibal watched Will through half lidded eyes as the Alpha stared blankly out the window into the night. He'd switched on only a small lamp on a side table, the soft light casting him in tones of warm orange and brighter yellows.

After stocking the freezer, Hannibal had taken a shower, scrubbing the blood away and then dressed into his dressing gown before joining Will. It gave him some much needed time to think. Pondering how to guide the conversation to the best outcome for him, he'd tried to take his time.

It would totally depend on what mindset Will would be in. If the alpha behavior would take the lead, it would be best to play up the omega act, but if he'd be more like the normal twitchy Will Hannibal knew so well, it would be better to keep them on more equal footing. Steeling himself, Hannibal left the sanctuary of his bathroom to step fully into the bedroom, alerting the Alpha to his presence.

"Will?" Hannibal said softly, breaking the silence between them first. Will flinched out of his thoughts and turned around, staring at Hannibal's chest to clearly avoid his eyes. The twitchy profiler it was then. That was something Hannibal knew how to deal with.

Sitting down in the armchair next to his big bed, Hannibal crossed his legs as he relaxed into the leather, waiting patiently until Will chose to join him. The silence between them was tense now until Will simply sat down on the end of his bed.

“I’m sorry you had to find out like that,” Hannibal started first again when it became obvious that Will would not be participating anytime soon. He felt that he owed Will that much, though he was careful about the wording of the apology.

Will snorted, signaling that good intention or not, it was not enough. “Still better than finding out while Jack is standing next to me, asking me if there’s something new. I’m not sure I could lie convincingly in such a moment.” he grumbled, still avoiding the Omega‘s eyes. Hannibal was silent at that. He wasn’t sure if he should ask why Will would lie in the first place, but Will took the decision from him.

“I’m not sure what I’m doing right now. I should report you to Jack, but…” Will pulled a face as if in pain. “I’m actually not sure I could.”

Hannibal felt the relief down to his bones and with fondness, he watched Will’s hands nervously tangle in his sleeves.

“Will you expect me to stop?” Hannibal couldn’t resist asking. Will looked at him then, meeting his eyes for a short moment.

“Would you?” The way Will asked that question told Hannibal that he knew the answer to it already, making it easy to answer with the truth.

“No, I wouldn’t.” Hannibal shook his head, making Will look away, though he still nodded slightly.

“There’s one thing I need you to do though. I need to know when it happens, so I can go to the crime scene and be prepared for what I’ll find. I don’t appreciate to be surprised that way.” An edge of steel crept into Will’s voice, making Hannibal suppress a shiver.

“Of course,” Hannibal minutely bowed his head, even if Will probably didn’t see it staring at his carpet so intently like that. “May I ask how you found me?”

Surprisingly the question seemed to embarrass Will, the Alpha blushing in an adorable way. “I might have been on my way to your house when I saw your car and followed you…” He said hesitantly, running his hand through his hair to hide his face for a moment. A warm feeling spread through Hannibal’s chest and he smiled softly, hearing Will taking a deep breath.

“That’s that I guess.” Will stated with an odd air of finality. He still sounded a bit out of breath as if he couldn’t believe what they’d just discussed so casually. Hannibal could only guess what kind of struggle Will was going through right now. He watched Will’s face closely, the Alpha looking unhappy and tense. Hannibal knew he had to get him to relax before they even attempted to discuss their relationship more in depth. Their bond needed to be strengthened.

Determined and now with a goal in mind, Hannibal rose from his chair to walk over to Will whose eyes snapped up to him. Holding that fluttering gaze, Hannibal stepped between the slightly spread legs, lowered himself to the ground as he sat on his heels, bowing his head to look to the ground. He heard Will's sharp intake of breath and knew he'd made the right move.

Kneeling for Will was surprisingly easy after the first time in Crawford's office and with such a positive reaction from Will who hadn't treated him any differently afterwards or expected him to do it all the time, it made it no hardship now. Hannibal heard Will move, feeling gentle fingers brush through his hair which he hadn't bothered to sleek back after his shower.

"I don't know how to treat you now," Will murmured. "Tell me how far I can go."

Hannibal leaned into the soft touch, closing his eyes. "You have proven a remarkable instinct. Nothing you've done so far overstepped any boundaries."

Will's other hand cupped his cheek and the thumb carefully traced the cut there.

"But I don't know your boundaries. Now even less than before."

Hannibal sighed, wishing Will wouldn't be so afraid of doing something wrong. Opening his eyes he looked at Will earnestly. "Will. You are one of the most intelligent people I know, and your empathy allows you to see so much more. If something feels wrong to you then trust your instincts. I trust them. I trust you."

Will's eyes lit up with joy at that, pulling Hannibal up into a kiss that heated up quickly. Hannibal braced himself with his hands on Will's knees and tried to push up into the kiss, which seemed to be the wrong thing to do, because the hands in his hair tightened, pulling him away. Hannibal almost protested with a growl. There was a downright mischievous grin on Will's face for a moment though, before he sobered up again.

"Tell me what you want, Hannibal." Will growled. He sounded tired of games and shadow play. Heat licked along Hannibal's nerves, making him swallow a gasp. With a slow and deliberate move, Hannibal pushed himself off the floor to press against Will, sitting on his thighs with his legs on either side of slim hips, Hannibal kept his head lowered so there wouldn't be any doubt as to who was the dominant party here.

Will's hands stroked up along his thighs in a sign of reassurance as Hannibal felt the first traces of slick form deep in his hole. Slowly inching closer, Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will's neck, wanting to be as near as possible to the deliciously warm body. Strong arms covered his back, hands going up to his head and into his hair.

When a hot mouth found its way along his jaw, Hannibal knew what he had to do. Tilting his head to the side, he bared his jugular vein to Will's lips who took that invitation with enthusiasm, growling into his neck. Teeth gripped the skin over his pulse. The bolt of electricity that shot through his body in direct reaction almost hurt in its intensity. The vulnerability that came with showing the neck to your Alpha choked Hannibal for a second, but he fought through it, concentrating on the heat in his abdomen.

“Yes, good. Just like that,” Will whispered and he pulled Hannibal with strong hands closer to his chest who couldn’t help the moan that escaped his lips. Hannibal could feel Will’s hands working on the knot of his dressing gown. A moment later, hot palms brushed over his skin, pushing the fabric over and past his shoulders until it slipped off, the expensive material pooling on the bedroom floor at Will’s feet.

The discrepancy of being completely naked while Will was still dressed caused goosebumps to rise all over his body, Hannibal shivering slightly from the sensation as gentle fingers started to trace every inch and subtle curvature of his body.

“Hannibal. Tell me what you want. Tell me what you need.”

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Chapter End Notes

There's an end in sight! I'll probably manage to get everything I want into 8 chapter plus an epilogue. *wipes sweat away*

Where I end and you begin

Chapter Summary

Well, here's chapter sex, I mean six ;)

Chapter Notes

Thank you DarkmoonSigel for your wonderful work as my beta <3 All remaining mistakes are my own

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Surrounded by naked skin, Will felt completely encircled by heat and intimacy. He couldn't stop touching everything he could reach, was allowed to feel now, but he needed to hear the answer to his question before he let himself go. Hannibal kissed and licked along Will's jaw, up the line of it to his ear.

"You know me. You understand me how no one did ever before," Hannibal murmured into Will's neck, interrupting his own words with bites sharp enough to make the Alpha gasp.

"I want, I need you to accept me as I am. I want you to be mine." Hannibal's hands started undoing the buttons of his shirt, causing Will's breath to hitch when smooth fingertips began to roam over his chest now that they had access.

Watching as Hannibal drew away from him a clear intent in mind, Will let his hands fall down to the tops of the Omega's strong thighs to grip at them, feeling the muscles there coil beneath his touch. The answering response almost made Will withdraw, Hannibal directing an intense gaze at him, one that made Will swallow hard enough to make his throat click. Nature and nurture warring against each other inside, Will endeavored to maintain eye contact, vaguely aware it was important right now.

"I want to be yours," Hannibal whispered. Knowing that the admittance must have been difficult for Hannibal to say aloud, Will reached up to stroke his face before drawing the Omega into a gentle and sweet kiss. With Hannibal being so pliant, open, and soft, Will found he couldn't deny him anything.

"I'm yours and you're mine," Will said quietly. The next kiss was harder, more urgent, and full of teeth and bites as if something had been unleashed in Hannibal. Will felt hands on his belt, working on opening his trousers. Feeling secure that permission had been fully granted

to him, Will finally allowed himself to grip the hard, leaking cock in front of him and reach behind Hannibal to find his slick hole, the tips of his fingers tracing over the rim of it.

Shallowly dipping his fingers in and out, Will listened to Hannibal try and control his reaction, his breathing hitching only the slightest bit, but Will still claimed it as a small victory. When Hannibal's hands managed to open his trousers and draw out his hard dick, Will moaned at the touch, tightening his grip on Hannibal's sex in pleasure. It caused a low hiss from the man on his lap.

Then suddenly Hannibal was gone, Will's eyes snapping open at the abrupt absence in his lap. His gaze fell upon Hannibal who knelt at his feet, pulling off Will's shoes and socks. The sight of it tightened things low and tight in his belly, filling it with liquid heat as his cock swelled.

"I will not kneel outside of this house until it isn't absolutely necessary," Hannibal said firmly while he pulled on Will's trousers. His face darkened for a moment at the thought of it, of what may lay in his near future if Jack's reaction to his newly revealed status was any given indication.

Realizing that Hannibal was starting to negotiate their relationship now, Will nodded while lifting his hips. "Of course. I would never expect you to do it." he said quietly, more intent on watching Hannibal press soft kisses to the inside of his thigh as the Omega stripped off his underwear than answering him. It was a miracle to him that Hannibal wanted to kneel at all, especially to an Alpha such as him.

"I will not call you Master or Sir," Hannibal added placing sure hands to Will's cock who watched in mild shock as Hannibal bent forward to swallow him down without hesitation.

For a moment, it was impossible to breathe. Will fell back onto the bed arching his back when sparks of hot pleasure raced through his body. He desperately tried not to rock upwards and choke Hannibal, but he couldn't prevent his hips from twitching. A hot tongue swirled around the bulbous head of his cock as a strong hand gripped the base of it where his knot started to show. The fire of arousal ignited his body and he gasped for breath, crying out despite himself.

When Hannibal's mouth vanished, Will couldn't stop the growled protest that vibrating through his chest. It was unmerited, for a second later he once again had a lap full of gloriously naked man.

"Well?" Hannibal prompted. His head in a daze of lust, it took Will a few seconds to remember what they had been talking about.

"Don't you dare to call me Master or Sir, or I might die of embarrassment." Will shuddered in horror, now that he had cleared his head enough to envision such a thing. It did not sit well with him.

"Good," Hannibal smiled, leaning in to slowly lick a kiss into Will's mouth as a reward. Will felt Hannibal shift, but he didn't realize what was happening until a hand gripped his cock and slick heat started to engulf him. Seeing was believing, Will breaking the kiss to draw

back, watching Hannibal lower himself down upon him. It was the most amazing thing to watch, to feel, to know that this was happening for real between them.

Hannibal's face was tense in mixture of concentration and pleasure, his muscles tightening from the strain of the sudden breach. The expression caused Will put his hands on those narrow hips to slow down their movement.

"Careful. You're not stretched." Will murmured, trying to catch his breath as he resisted the urge to drive his own hips upward. He wanted to bury himself in that sweet heat to the hilt and complete their union. His instincts were screaming at him to knot the Omega, make Hannibal submit to him. He tapped the feelings down, ignoring them the best he could while he was so sweetly trapped like this.

"I want to feel it. I want to feel you," Hannibal gasped, sinking further down until he was fully seated, taking in deep breaths as he descended to get used to the burning stretch.

Starting at the Omega's prominent collarbones and strong shoulders, Will let his hands reverently glide over Hannibal's body, his fingertips following the dips and curves over toned pectoral muscles and a firm stomach. He was allowed to now. This was all his, his mate, his Omega.

When Hannibal finally began to move, Will let his head fall back against the bed, staring up completely overwhelmed at his lover. Hannibal had his eyes closed as he rode Will‘s cock, his mouth having fallen open. He looked blissed out of his mind, less guarded by pleasure with his silvery bangs falling forward to soften the sharp angles of his face. Arousal flooded through Will, making him feel as if he were floating on hot air. He had done this to Hannibal, pulled down his walls to make him look this way.

Will found he couldn't stop himself from touching everywhere he could, Hannibal having found a steady rhythm for them. His movements were smooth and sensuous, with the grace of a dancer even with Will deeply seated in him.

He was beautiful. There was no other word for it that came to Will's mind

Strong hands were placed on Will's shoulders, Hannibal bending down for a kiss without breaking his pace. Wanting to contribute in some small way, Will leaned up and savored the feeling of those soft lips parting for him, letting him in. A surge of power tingled along his spine, Will breaking the kiss to latch his mouth onto Hannibal's neck. His Alpha kissing, licking and biting at his throat, Hannibal tilted his head back to give him more space, moaning aloud from exhilaration it brought.

As an Omega, the submissive gesture of baring one's neck held a lot of power, and it was something that Hannibal obviously struggled through. Even though he had been reluctant the first time, the fact that Hannibal did it now meant a lot to Will. Not wanting to demand too much from his mate, Will drew back to get some breath back into his lungs. His gaze fell upon the cut on Hannibal's cheekbone, the Alpha reaching to trace the wound gently with his thumb.

"What would you have told me if I hadn‘t found out?” Will asked, his tone thoughtful yet breathless as Hannibal clenched down, making him arch up into the flesh that encased him. Hannibal watched his face closely with half-lidded eyes, lifting himself effortlessly up and down on Will's cock. He admired that kind of will power.

"I would've pretended an Alpha attacked me.” Hannibal said, finally sounding a bit out of breath. Will growled at the thought of someone hurting Hannibal, a deep sound starting in his chest which vibrated up through his throat. He realized something belated, the small epiphany making him glare up at his Omega.

“You planned to get hurt. You let him hit you!” Will accused. Hannibal lowered his head in agreement, trying to soothe his Alpha’s anger. Not wanting his temper pandered to, Will pulled Hannibal closer, pushing his cock up into the slick hole with a short sharp thrust, making them both gasp.

"Nobody gets to touch you!" Will hissed through bared teeth. Hannibal let out an appreciative hum, clenching his muscles around Will’s cock. It was the last straw needed to make the Alpha’s knot grow. Will expected Hannibal to settle now and wait for his knot to swell completely, but instead he kept on moving. Too soon, Will felt the pressure on his knot when the Omega’s rim struggled to let the base of his cock pass in and out of it.

"Hannibal..." Will moaned as the pressure on his knot caused incredible pleasure to course along his nerves.

"Shhh," Hannibal shushed him, pressing a soft kiss to Will’s lips as his movements slowed down. The knot was becoming too big to allow easy movement. Watching Hannibal’s face, Will fought to keep his eyes open, witnessing as Hannibal pushed down forcefully one last time. Sweat covered those beautiful features, the strain of it visible in the press of his mouth.

A low growl escaped Will’s mouth when the slick, tight hole clenched around him, the Alpha desperately trying not to push up until Hannibal had relaxed. Stroking up and down over the tense muscles of Hannibal's thighs, Will tried to get himself back under control, while Hannibal took deep breaths and arched his back to get used to the feeling of being stretched so much.

“You're insane." Will gasped, cupping Hannibal's ignored cock to start stroking it gently in an almost teasing manner.

Hannibal smirked and tightened his muscles in response. "Psychopath, remember?"

Will's amused snort turned into a groan as his knot was clamped down on, coating Hannibal's passage with a burst of precome. His orgasm was an imminent thing. He was quite sure he shouldn't find this amusing, but caught up in this moment, he couldn't remember why.

Pushing his hands up along Hannibal's arms to his shoulders, Will gripped Hannibal behind his neck to pull the Omega down into a heated kiss. An intense feeling of possessiveness flooded his mind and he felt the brutal urge to punish anyone who would dare to get too close to his Omega. Biting into Hannibal's lips, Will closed his hand harder around Hannibal's neck

in reaction to the strong need to hurt somebody *now*. It must have hurt, Hannibal gripping his wrist to pull his hand away from his neck.

"Will." Hannibal growled. It sounded like a warning, and probably the only one that he would get. Will took a deep breath to get himself under control.

"I'm sorry." Will murmured, closing his eyes as he gave himself over to these new sensations, the bonding, the feel of his mate on, over, and around him. Sitting up the best he could to lean forward, Will rested his forehead on Hannibal's chest, wrapping his free arm around Hannibal’s waist to hold on tight as a wave of semen began to flood the Omega. He stroked Hannibal’s cock in time to his own thrusts, wanting his mate to come for him. Will wanted to be claimed as he marked Hannibal as his.

Cradling the Alpha’s head to his chest, Hannibal carded his hands through Will’s curly hair, the gesture almost too loving for Will to handle. It left him feeling hot and itching to do something about the state of impassiveness they found themselves in. Will wanted Hannibal drown with him in pleasure, to give himself over fully to it.

Dropping his free hand down, Will found Hannibal's ass, placing his hand on one cheek to search with his fingers for the place where the rim closed around his knot. He caressed the flesh there gently, causing Hannibal's hips to twitch forward. Both of them groaned breathlessly from the reaction.

"Will, tell me what you want from me, from this relationship. I need to know." Hannibal licked the shell of his ear, biting down lightly onto his earlobe.

Placing a soft kiss under Hannibal's chin in answer, Will sighed heavily. "I don't know what to tell you. I..."

Hannibal interrupted the Alpha by placing a finger on his mouth, a slight smile on his thin lips. Bending down a bit, he breathed hotly over Will's ear.

"Do you want me naked all the time? Crawling on my hands and knees after you, only taking food from your hands? Kneeling next to you all the time, or even sitting on your lap? Always loose and slick ready to get fucked?"

Such an offer made Will’s imagination flare, the image of it making a fire race through Will's body. It undid him and he came for the second time, pushing his knot further into Hannibal, who hummed in pleasure at the full sensation that pressed against his prostate, rubbing it right with every limited motion.

"Or do you want to put a collar on me? Black smooth leather sitting snugly around my throat under my suit, another mark that I belong to you?" Hannibal's voice had become deep and rough, his accent even more prominent as he whispered those words into Will's ear.

"Fuck!" Will cursed. The idea of Hannibal wearing his collar did things to his nervous system. He had to wait helplessly till he could uncurl his toes and take a deep breath again.

Opening his eyes, Will saw Hannibal looking down knowingly at him with tilted head. Will could already feel himself beginning to blush, the creep of rouge noticeable upon his pale skin. He felt ashamed for wanting something like that, when Hannibal was such a strong and independent person who had taken care of himself all his life. Bond or no bond, he had no right to chain him like that.

"Will. Stop." A gentle hand pulled his face up again when he turned it away.

"I would love to wear your collar," Hannibal murmured, kissing the words into Will's mouth to taste their truth. Before Will could react in any way, Hannibal started to move on his knot, pulling up and pressing down until both of them had to break the kiss to catch some breath from the pressure of it.

The heat built up again between them again, Will was reminded that Hannibal had yet to come once during all this, Placing both hands on Hannibal's hard cock, Will jerking him off with a fervor that was near devout, making the Omega moan and twitch on his knot. With a gasp and a choked off groan, Hannibal came, coating Will's stomach with thick strands of sticky white. He all but collapsed, falling forward onto Will and into his own mess. Will held him tightly there, gently gliding his hands over his back until his breathing had calmed down again, murmuring sweet nothings to the cannibalistic serial killer who was his mate.
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Hannibal needed some time to get his strength back. He felt exhausted as he let himself drift off, his head resting on Will's shoulder and body propped upright by strong arms. Will's knot was still seated deep in his hole, causing slight flickers of pleasure to run through his abdomen now and then.

"It should be another few minutes." murmured Will, pressing his face into Hannibal's hair to take a deep breath. The act of his Alpha scenting him made Hannibal smile into Will's hot skin, loving the way he didn't hold back these gestures anymore. Will's confidence had definitely reached a higher level after today's events.

Despite everything that had just happened, Hannibal couldn't believe that Will knew. He knew and he was still here and Hannibal was still free. He hadn't expected this stage in their relationship to occur so soon, but it seemed he'd underestimated Will's attachment to him. Will managed to surprise him over and over again. It was one of the reasons why Hannibal had been so immediately fascinated with him. Usually he managed to know a person completely after just a few interactions, but not Will.

Hannibal's attention was returned to the land of the living by a gentle hand being drawn over his still sweaty back up to his neck, coming to rest there. A thumb caressed the curves and dips in his contours as fingers ghosted along his throat. It reminded him of Will's intense reaction to his words about a leather collar, Hannibal suppressing a shiver at the thought of it. It had been a shock to him when he told Will he wouldn't mind wearing a collar for him. Even more so, because he had actually meant it. His hormones must have changed him more than he expected, because a collar as a sign of ownership had been an impossible thing for him to accept before. The very idea of it and his acceptance of that ownership made Hannibal anxious. Usually, nothing was capable of making him apprehensive, and yet this breach of self annoyed him.

When Will shifted underneath him, Hannibal felt the movement of the knot, which had shrunken down by now. Soon they'd be able to separate, hopefully without leaving too much of a mess on his sheets, the thought of it grounding Hannibal again. Will must have had a similar thought.

"Do you think you can hold my come until you're in the bathroom or should we…" Will asked hesitantly. "…plug you?"

Hannibal could feel himself swallow hard in wordless response, the very thought of Will pushing a plug into his slick hole sent a hot shiver down his spine. For a second, Hannibal was actually tempted.

"I think I can manage, thank you." Hannibal said, lifting his head from Will's shoulder to kiss him lazily slow. He made it good enough for Will to push his hands through his hair, Hannibal closing his eyes at the feeling of his scalp being massaged gently. After a few moments, Will took a hold of Hannibal, gently shifting them until the Omega was lying on his back with Will between his legs. Relenting, Hannibal had to admit that it was a peculiar feeling to be handled like that. He wasn't quite sure if he liked it or not. Hannibal tried to get as comfortable as possible, relaxing his body into the silken sheets.

Will gauged his reaction, kissing Hannibal softly to help sooth him. "Okay?"

Hannibal nodded in response, even managing a thin smile. With a slow, careful glide, Will withdrew himself from the compliant Omega, Hannibal's rim barely offering up any resistance as the deflated knot slipped past. Clenching down where Will's cock had been to keep the come inside him, Hannibal deeply felt his soreness. He tried to keep the grimace off his face, at the feeling of emptiness he hadn't been excepting. Will pressed a gentle kiss to his sternum, sitting back on his heels to give him space.

Slowly sitting up and feeling every little hurt, Hannibal let his gaze roam over Will, taking in the disheveled state of his hair, his kiss swollen lips, and the slight blush of his chest. He looked gorgeous. He looked powerful.

Alpha and Omega stared at each other for a few moments, before Hannibal made himself rise from the bed, and walk to the bathroom.

After he'd cleaned himself up, Hannibal returned to find Will sleeping under the blankets. It was a sight that warmed him from the inside out. Will knew he was the Chesapeake Ripper, and yet he didn't just come home with him, Will even slept peacefully in his bed. A man who'd had problems sleeping for as long as he knew him willingly chose to sleep in the bed of a serial killer, felt safe enough to do so.

Even though Hannibal knew Will must trust him even on a subconscious level, he still had trouble believing that this was all going so well. It wasn't in his nature to wait for the other shoe to drop, so Hannibal decided to enjoy this fully for as long as it lasted.

After picking his dressing gown up off the floor to put it over the chair, Hannibal carefully crept under the blankets, switched the light off and watched the dark form beside him move with deep and regular breaths.

It was around three in the morning and Hannibal felt the exhaustion weighing heavily in his limbs. He wanted to sleep, but before he could let himself relax, Hannibal slid closer to Will until he could feel his body heat and smell his skin.

Hannibal hoped Will wouldn't do something that triggered his instinct to defend himself against threats in his sleep. It would be highly inconvenient to wake up while he choked him to death or in the process of breaking his neck. Cold dread made him shudder at the thought as Hannibal inched even closer. After coming this far, Hannibal had to trust his omega instincts to wake him up before he could harm Will. It was hard for him to do something like that. All his life, he'd suppressed and ignored and hated this side of himself, being an Omega, and now he had to try to rely on it.

Taking a deep breath, Hannibal tried to relax, to let the tiredness drag him into sleep. He had just closed his eyes when he felt movement, and then there was Will, suddenly right in his space.

Hannibal opened his eyes and found himself staring at Will's throat a moment before he felt a heavy arm drape over his bare hips and back to drag him in closer. Hannibal went willingly, pressing his face into the crook of Will's neck, wrapping his arms around his Alpha's naked form. When Will placed his chin on the top of his head, Hannibal felt surrounded in the best possible way, safe and protected.

Taking a deep breath of the warm soothing scent, he closed his eyes again and within minutes, he fell asleep.

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Will woke up to the delicious smell of breakfast so it wasn't a surprise to find the bed by his side empty. He remembered their first breakfast together, when he'd opened his motel door in what seemed like a lifetime ago, blinking into the light of the new day. At the time, he could not comprehend why Hannibal stood at his door instead Jack, holding breakfast in his hands.

Languidly stretching his body, Will was slow to sit up as he tried to find his clothing. They were discovered easily enough, Hannibal having folded them neatly, and put them onto the chair. Of course he had.

Fishing his mobile out of his pocket to look at the screen, Will remembered that he'd switched it off last night. While he dressed, he waited for it to power up again. His stomach dropped when he found 5 missed calls and several texts.

All of them were from Jack Crawford.

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Chapter End Notes

Had some trouble with my writing process these last weeks, but I hope I'll be able to keep my schedule of posting every thursday. Only two chapter left... D:

Turning Tables

Chapter Notes

Okay, you gotta tell me if the "canon typical violence" tag doesn't cover the stuff I write anymore and if I should add the tag "gore" or whatever XD

As always thank you DarkmoonSigel for being my beta and doing a wonderful job <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As Will parked the car in almost the exact same spot as the night before, he felt tendrils of dread start to run coldly down his spine. From one even so used to living with fear on a daily basis, what he was about to do made Will feel almost sick with nerves. Taking a deep breath of the cold clear morning air, the profiler tried to calm down. Nothing would happen. He'd just do his usual rundown and tell Jack what he saw. Nobody had to know that he'd already witnessed the whole scene as it happened.

Will swallowed hard, the truth of the matter nestling in his throat like a winged scream, its dark feathers of mirror shards and guilt cutting into him.

Right.

Passing several FBI cars and vans on his way, Will nodded in passing to some agents who threw him the usual glances and side whispers. No matter how long he‘d work for Jack or as a teacher for the FBI, he always drew attention to himself. Will hated how alone it made him feel.

Following the same path he'd walked just a few hours ago, the profiler wondered if Hannibal was just as anxious as he was about this. It was the first real test of how their life would be from now on. Of Hannibal producing corpses and Will acting as if he was still looking for the killer who put them there. He found he preferred it when Hannibal didn't leave behind…his art, even if that meant eating more of the… exotic dishes.

Will had left the house in a hurry after breakfast, wanting to get this ordeal over with. Hannibal had tried to soothe him with kisses and softly whispered reassurances, voicing aloud about how it would be alright, and that he could do this, that he had faith in Will‘s abilities. Will wanted to believe Hannibal so badly it physically hurt him, another headache edging forward behind his eyes.

Despite the early hour, Hannibal had already been dressed in his suit, the modern day version of armor hiding every trace of the plaint and gentle man who had graced his presence last night. The layer of plaid wool and woven silk left a creature that demanded respect and obedience with just his presence alone, the Omega capable of commanding a room without even really trying. Hannibal radiated authority with every move and gesture. It was such an

impressive display, but hard for Will to deal with at times. As it was, Will had a difficult time recognizing his mate at all, the compliant willing creature who had rode his cock last night. Without the strong bond humming in the back of his mind, Will knew he would have been overwhelmed, like he had so many times before. Hannibal's skillful words and faked smiles were no longer weapons that could be used against Will, the Alpha now protected in a way by their connection.

Stepping onto the clearing, Will's attention was immediately caught by the body displayed in its spider web. The white ropes surrounding the dark red meat that almost glittered in the early morning sunlight, studded with temporary dew diamonds that would be ruined soon enough. The beauty of it robbed Will of his breath.

"Will!" Jack barked from somewhere to his left causing Will to flinch out of his admiration. As he watched Crawford practically stalked over towards him, Will chided himself to remain still, though he wanted to turn around and leave.

"Tell me this is him, Will!" Jack growled out in greeting, his dark eyes hard and unrelenting for any sort of information. He made Will realize that hunger came in all different shapes and sizes. Starvation made one desperate and dangerous. Finding his tongue, Will steeled himself as he felt the rise and fall of goosebumps run over his arms

"The Ripper?" Will stumbled, trying to make his mouth connect to his brain. He needed to come up with something believable.

"Yes, the Ripper!" Jack snapped. "Tell me this is something he would do, and tell me he left something we can use to finally track this bastard down!"

Swallowing down the automatic anger he felt at the word 'bastard' being applied to his mate intentionally or not, Will just nodded in answer, not trusting himself. He chose to leave Jack behind, pointedly walking towards the crime scene. For a moment, his eyes lingered on the spot where Hannibal had knelt for him. The memory of the Omega's willing submission calmed him down, making Will feel more centered in himself.

Putting his glasses away, Will closed the distance to the scene, finally making himself stare up at the dead person. This would be the first time he would try reconstructing a crime he'd personally witnessed. It would also be the first time he'd get into the mindset of a killer he knew on so many different intimate levels. He had no idea what to expect, and that was a truly frightening thought, even for him.

Closing his eyes to better concentrate on the golden swing of the pendulum, Will saw the performance of this murder in reverse. The ropes vanished, the man was back on the ground still alive, there was a short struggle, the man came jogging out of the dark woods, and finally, a small light announcing the arrival of the victim.

When the scene stopped and slowly started to run forward in real time again though, there was a significant difference. For the first time, Will wasn't reliving the actions as if he was the murderer. This time, he was merely an impassive bystander like he had been the night before, watching Hannibal appear out of the dark edges of the clearing like solidified night, vicious and cold.

Though Hannibal hit the victim hard enough to put him on the ground, the man got up quicker than expected, as if he was used to receiving blows out of nowhere, and threw himself at Hannibal. In the ensuing fight, Will could see how Hannibal provoked his opponent, letting in only the hits he wanted through. It was a predator playing with its food until it had enough. When Hannibal got bored toying with the man, he ended the fight.

Will felt the contempt and the disgust Hannibal had for the man on the ground, when he started to strip him with the knife. In the process, he flayed the man's hands, relieving the appendages of their skin. Any evidence of Hannibal, blood and such, was removed with it.

The whole act of stringing the man up between the trees was done in a deep concentration, in almost a meditative state. Though his medium was controversial to put it lightly, it was obvious that Hannibal enjoyed the work and the results of his art. By the time he was finished, it had taken form to look exactly how he imagined it. The hunt’s adrenaline and the fight slowly faded away with the almost hypnotizing work of building the web.

The final act of cutting the victim open and taking the organs felt almost mundane and familiar, like an artist leaving their signature.

The organ harvesting was done on automatic, Hannibal’s minds elsewhere at this point. The surgery almost didn't need special attention from him, just enough so that he didn‘t ruin the meat. At this point, Will realized that Hannibal had been distracted by something. Maybe he had felt Will’s presence. Curious, Will looked around the clearing while Hannibal finished up his work, wondering if he could find himself, but the spot where he'd waited yesterday was empty. He unexpectedly found his absence from all this to be almost disappointing.

Waking up slowly, Will blinked. This had been easier than expected. It seemed that knowing the killer actually took away some of the horror and shock that usually haunted him afterwards. Will wasn't sure if that was a good or a bad thing.

"So?" Jack appeared next to him as subtle as a vulture finding roadkill. Taking a deep breath, Will nodded, preparing himself.

"It's him. But nothing new here. Nothing we could use to find him. At least from my side." Will said, wondering if he sounded like his version of normal.

"Damn it.” Jack swore, his hands turning into fists at his sides. Frustration and anger were tangible things felt around Jack, coming off in waves from him. Having enough of either emotion already, Will turned to leave, ready to go back to his car and depart as quickly as possible. He had some classes this afternoon he still needed to prepare for.

"Hannibal keeping you busy, is he?" Jack called to his back, disdain dripped from the words. Unmerited assumptions aside, the Alpha’s contempt was so barely veiled that it made Will freeze as he tried to reign in his instinctive reaction to lash out.

"What’s your problem, Jack?!" Will growled, turning slowly back around to face the fuming agent.

"He’s distracting you, keeping you from your work. There are more important things going on here than some damn Omega!" Jack was back to yelling as he stabbed a finger in Will‘s direction. From time to time, Will wondered if Jack blamed him for all of this in a way, all these deaths occurring because he couldn‘t expose the identity of the Ripper. It was almost a shame that he had no intention of doing so now. “I need you here. I need you to look and to keep looking until I tell you to stop.”

"Hannibal is my mate! Do you expect me to abandon him for you?! He is the most important thing in my life now!" Will fought back, feeling his fury rise. After spending a lifetime coming to terms that he was an Alpha who would never be deemed fit or worthy enough to obtain a mate, it was almost wounding that other people wanted to take that away from him or devalue it.

"See, that's the problem! You're supposed to..." Jack started to say. That was as far as he got before Will's fist connected with his jaw.

A shocked silence fell over the clearing. Everyone was staring at them, some open mouthed and big eyed. Swallowed hard, Will tried to rationalize what the hell had he just done. Work politics and hierarchy aside, Jack was an Alpha in a higher position, and it was considered a deep affront to hurt your superior. Strangely enough, Will was finding it hard to care about all that though.

"You went too far, Will. I will..." Jack growled, rubbing his jaw. Will was willing to bet his fist probably hurt more.

"What?! Fire me?! Fine!" Will yelled, fed up with Jack, the FBI, and people in general. With that declaration that left all the agents in a stunned state, Will turned around and started walking. His heart was racing, he was having trouble breathing, but he didn't falter.

"Will Graham! Don't you dare to walk away from me like that!" Jack shouted, but Will didn't care. He marched to his car without looking back once. Only when he was on the road did Will start to relax, though it brought little relief. When the reality of what he had just done began to sink in, Will found that his hands were shaking badly even as they gripped the steering wheel like it were an anchor. Will knew if he had been made to walk at this point, he would have problems staying upright. He felt faint, drained completely by the encounter.

Will considered driving back to Hannibal‘s, but he knew his mate had appointments with patients all day. Hannibal won't be back home before seven so Will decided to see his dogs. It would be good to spend some time with them, help settle his mind.

By the time he arrived, Will had mostly calmed down, the empath settling into his regular routine. After the dogs were fed, run, and petted, Will decided it was time to work on one of his boat motors. He hadn't done that in what felt like forever, and he definitely needed the distraction. If he didn’t keep himself busy, he would start thinking. He didn’t feel like freaking out about everything that had happened today or these last few months in general. It made him wonder what his life had even become. He was just supposed to be a teacher. Nothing more, nothing less.

Taking in a deep breath of air that was filled with the scents of motor oil and dogs, Will tried to calm down. His dogs felt his restlessness, and stayed close to him, lying all across the room on various blankets and dog beds. As he tinkered with the reluctant motor, Will regarded the canines with some regret. He'd have to find homes for them, because he doubted Hannibal would let them live in his house. Will already knew if he'd had to choose, he would rather stay with his mate than with his dogs no matter how much it saddened him.

Asking Hannibal to move to the back woods and dirt roads of Wolf Trap was out of question. It was just too unimaginable to uproot someone like Hannibal from the city or civilization. Thanks to his abilities, Will suspected it would be far easier for him to get used to Hannibal's standards than the other way around. He definitely wouldn't have any problems getting used to the giant bathroom and the big bed, or any activities that could occur in either.

God damn it.

Even though he was alone by any human standard, Will still ducked his head when he felt his face go hot with blush. He still wasn't used to thinking of Hannibal in sexual terms without feeling slightly overwhelmed and embarrassed by it. The fact of Hannibal being the Chesapeake Ripper was still too new and raw to even start internalizing about, yet Will knew he would sooner rather than later.

There were just so many new aspects he would have to consider now. As a psychopath, was Hannibal even capable of having deeper feelings such as love? The unusual Omega seemed to defy definition. The last days had shown Will that Hannibal was able to express at least some sort of affection toward him, and through his empathy, Will was sure it had been genuine. Will couldn’t help but smile at the thought that he’d been the one to draw such emotions out.

Reporting Hannibal was out of question, Will deciding that for once in his life that he wanted to be selfish. That desire meant keeping Hannibal safe at all costs. Will found that he wanted this though, even it was abnormal. He wanted to live with Hannibal in his house, teach at the academy, and if there had to be a killer in his life, it was going to be Hannibal and nobody else. As foreign a concept as it seemed to him, Will knew he could be happy. Hannibal could make him happy.

The whole afternoon was spent with his hands buried between machine parts, covered in grease. Will could feel himself relax and breathe more easily due to the manual task that made his mind settle with something he could fix. It’s all going to be okay. He would drive back to Hannibal’s in a couple of hours, and would tell him about everything that had happened today. Will found he actually couldn’t wait to see Hannibal face when he was told the news about the punch Will threw at Jack‘s face.

Done with the boat motor and making a mental note to call its owner, Will was making himself a coffee when a sudden sharp spike of pain in his head almost blinded him. Jarred by the sensation, the cup of coffee crashed to the ground, spilled hot liquid all over the floor. The haze of pain dissipating enough to focus, Will found himself kneeling on the floor, still desperately gasping for breath. Holding his head, he tried to stumble to his feet.

Hannibal.

Something had happened. Something bad.

Another painful shock sent Will staggering back to the ground. Just when he thought he would pass out from it, it was gone. Everything. Will couldn't feel Hannibal anymore, their bond fizzling out like it had never been.

The sudden emptiness made the Alpha sick to his stomach. Will had to suppress the urge to gag while he fished for his phone, picking himself up to start running to his car. Nobody picked up at Hannibal's office, the Omega's cell phone was switched off, and the land line was dead at the house as well.

Will tried to put his panic back in the box. He needed to drive, and having a panic attack would hinder that task considerably. What could have happened?! He didn't think it was something Hannibal had done. Someone must have attacked him.

That realization turned Will's fear into burning rage, delivering iron to his spine and strength to his limbs. Somebody had dared to attack his mate, and harm him, wounded his Omega enough to weaken their bond.

The drive to Hannibal's house was a blur of red. Will could almost believe he had lost time again if it weren't for all the gruesome thoughts of just what he would do to Hannibal's attackers when…when, not if…he found them. Stomach plummeting hard enough to disrupt his breathing, Will saw the police cars the moment he turned into the street.

"No, no, no, no…" Will chanted in his head when he stopped the car with screeching tires right in front of a police car that blocked the street. Jumping out of the car, he ran towards the house, only to be stopped by a police man. Will had no patience or time to waste for this.

"He's my mate, let me through! I'm a special agent for the FBI, damn it!" Will shouted, flashing his temporary badge. It worked though, the officer stepping immediately out of the way. Authority and high ranking or not, it was considered very unwise to stand in the way of a furious Alpha who wanted to protect their mate.

Running into the house, Will frantically looked around, but couldn't find the source of the problem. Hannibal was nowhere to be seen, yet there weren't any signs for a struggle or a fight. Turning around full circle as he scented the air, Will saw a detective talking to a cop through the window. In what felt like a second, Will was outside again, and was on the man like white on rice.

"What happened here? Where's Dr. Lecter?!" Will demanded in a manner heated enough to make the detective lift up his hands in a placating gesture.

"We were called by a neighbor who saw Dr. Lecter getting attacked. Apparently, he was knocked down and dragged into a car by two unknown persons clad in black," the detective told him making Will feel dizzy with whiplash emotions. Someone had abducted Hannibal. They had hurt him. Trying not to lose himself in his own head, Will focused on taking a deep shuddering breath when a dark SUV parked in front of the house. To Will's dismay, Jack got out of it, making Will frown at the Alpha's arrival.

What was Jack doing here? Leaving the detective behind, Will made him way to Jack. His simmering anger at the man from this morning was still there, but it was almost completely drowned out by his concern for Hannibal.

"Will, are you all right? I've heard what happened from local PD." Jack asked, his face all good will and concern. It made skin on the back of Will's neck prickle. Something was not right. This gesture on Jack's part was too nice, especially after what had happened this morning. Will found that he didn't trust in Jack's concern for a second. When Jack reached out to put his hand on Will's shoulder, the profiler flinched away. Jack's hand ended up falling back to his side to clench into a fist for a moment.

Suspicious, Will let his eyes flicker up and down Jack's coat reading all the details from it, and with his last bit of determination, Will pushed himself to look up into Jack's dark eyes. There he found relief and the barely contained anger he'd been expecting, but he also discovered guilt lingering there. With a second closer look, Will tried to identify that guilt. It didn't feel like old guilt to him. It was far too fresh and new and sharp, and it was connected to the empty house behind Will.

Fury red as blood almost blinded Will. In that second, he wished he could just punch his bare hand into the chest cavern of that man, and pull out his still beating heart, stuffing it right back into his lying mouth. Clenching his teeth until it hurt his jaw, Will tried to control the urge to draw his gun, and just empty the clip into Jack's body like he had done to Hobbs. Will longed to tear up Jack's insides into a bloody mess, to watch the Alpha leak out his life into the ground. Will wanted to look into those eyes before they lost all life and awareness, and tell Jack to stop messing around with his fucking life.

"I'm going to check in with the police officer and see what they've found so far." Jack told him, completely oblivious to his own murder in Will's head. Will made himself nod in answer, not trusting his voice.

Will knew that he had to get away from here. Away from Jack Crawford, away from the house that was swarmed with police men, defiled and disturbed its peace. For a brief moment, Will was scared that they might find evidence about Hannibal being the Ripper. Second thoughts on the matter calmed him down though, Will doubting that Hannibal would leave any traces, even in his own house. In a closed and shut kidnapping case, they had no reason to test the meat.

With a considering look, Will regarded the house with new eyes. The police wouldn't get the idea to, but Jack might do something like that. Choking on another wave of hate, Will knew he had to get the man away from here.

Trying to breathe calmly through his inner turmoil, Will went to his car and with screeching tires, he sped away. Just as he'd hoped, Will saw Jack running to his car in the attempt to follow him. Given what had happened in such a short space of time, Will found himself dissociating. When blackness washed over him, Will knew he had lost to himself.

Will came back to himself hyperventilating and covered in sweat, driving on the motorway, but without a clue where exactly he was. A quick look into the rearview mirror told him that Jack's car wasn't anywhere to be seen. His ragged breathing eased up immediately as Will

tried to get his mind to calm down. The lost time and his automatic response to a threat had saved him and gave him some space to start thinking about everything he knew.

Jack was behind this. That much was obvious. He had somehow abducted Hannibal, probably to separate him from Will in a vain attempt to get the profiler back under his control. Jack wouldn't hire criminals, but he needed someone with a grudge against Hannibal, and...

Will suddenly knew exactly who it was, the next road sign confirming it. For once, his subconscious and waking self were on the same page. That stupid cop who'd already threatened Hannibal, and wanted to take him away. Will's hands tightened around the wheel, his face darkening as he sped up. Someone would pay for this, and if Hannibal had been hurt he couldn't guarantee anyone‘s safety from all the terrible things he would do.

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Head pounding, Hannibal woke up slowly, immediately feeling the pain vibrating through his skull like it were a song being played off his nerves. He'd been hit hard from behind with something heavy, and lost consciousness. Keeping his eyes closed while remaining still, Hannibal upraised the state of his body and current condition.

Hannibal found that he was kneeling on hard wooden floor with his hands cuffed high above his head to keep him upright. His shoulders and arms hurt from holding his unconscious body weight up for such a long span of time.

To make matters worse, Hannibal realized he was naked. A trail of blood had dried on his face, probably from the head wound from where he had been struck from behind. The sagging tilt of his head had made it run through his hair to stain his face. In addition to that, his wrists were bleeding from the metal cuffs digging into his skin, and he could feel the cold metal of cuffs around his ankles, further keeping him in place.

The room he was being kept in was quiet, the air chilled. As far as he could tell though, no one else was here with him. Slowly, Hannibal opened his eyes. A single lamp in the corner fought weakly against the darkness, throwing blurry orange light across the small room.

From what Hannibal could tell, it appeared to be a spare room or a barely used guest room. It was bare disused space with peeling wallpaper, the only bit of furniture in it the crooked table standing in a corner that the lamp resided on. From the state of the room and the stuffy quality of the air, Hannibal thought it was fairly safe to assume that he was being kept in an abandoned house which was an ideal place to hold a prisoner.

A glance out the un-curtained window informed Hannibal that it was dark outside, the fragile light coming in from some streetlights told him that he was being kept on the second floor.

There were two other doors in the room, one probably leading out into a hallway and the other to a bathroom. There was no light behind them, but Hannibal didn't make the mistake of thinking he was alone. He clearly smelled the scent of another in between the dust and stale air. An alpha male with a familiar sharp scent. He knew that he had met his kidnapper somewhere before, but at the moment, the Alpha’s identity escaped him. The thumping in his head wasn’t helping his concentration either in such matters of recall.

Working on clearing his head, Hannibal looked up to the cuffs hanging from the ceiling, estimating the time he needed to get out of them and the injuries he'd get from such an attempt. Pulling himself in a more upright position, Hannibal took the dead weight off his arms, and worked on breathing slowly to relax his sore muscles.

As he worked the control he would need to escape over his body, Hannibal wondered where Will was. By now he'd probably realized that he had been taken. Would his skittish Alpha come looking for him, or would Will think that he was hunting?

These last few days, Will had portrayed some typical traits of an Alpha. An Alpha who was one Omega short was a force to be reckoned with. Hannibal wanted to see that. He expected it to be a beautiful sight, of Will being all feral and forceful with a taste for blood on his tongue.

The thick silence of gathering dust and Hannibal's thoughts alike were interrupted by the creaking sounds of someone walking up old wooden stairs. Growing still again, Hannibal schooled his features into his usual mask, adding a cold glare to greet the person who had dared to attack and abduct him.

The moment the door opened and the heavy and sharp scent of the Alpha surrounded him, Hannibal knew who it was, groaning internally as an identity was put to the scent. The Alpha cop from before slowly walked into the room to immediately start circling Hannibal with a predatory look on his face.

Hannibal stared blandly back at him, unimpressed. He knew it was probably an attempt to make him feel small, exposed and threatened, but those were feelings Hannibal hadn't felt in a long time. If the man hoped to see a weak and scared Omega, he'd be disappointed.

"Well, well, look who's awake." the cop drawled in such a manner that Hannibal wanted to bite his tongue off. The hungry look in the Alpha's eyes that roved over Hannibal's face and his naked form left the Omega feeling indifferent. There was nothing that this man could do to him that would effect him in any way. The only thing that could happen was a serious test of his patience. Apparently, Hannibal's look of bored indifference and lack of submission did not escape notice, the Alpha stopping in front of Hannibal to sneer down at him.

"How the fuck did you manage to get an Alpha? You're the most unnatural und ugly Omega I've ever seen. Too tall, too muscular, too hairy, and your behavior is appalling!" the Alpha spat the insults at Hannibal as if they had any merit. His behavior was beyond rude though. Hannibal wanted to kill the Alpha, slowly and painfully, in a manner he deserved.

"I'm gonna teach you how you have to behave, and when I'm done with you, you'll be perfect." The cop grinned an ugly expression as he rubbed his hands together in open glee. "You'll see. In no time, I'll have you purring at my touch."

The cop lost some of this enthusiasm though when Hannibal didn't show any reaction. To Hannibal's inner amusement, he saw that it was beginning to annoy him.

"Have you ever purred for your Alpha? It's the most perfect sound ever. Nothing compares to an Omega who purrs, and I'll get you to purr. No matter what I need to do." The Alpha

threatened with promise, making Hannibal wonder how this man had ever managed to become a cop. Didn't they have psych evaluations to sort out the insane ones?

Hannibal braced himself for the hit he saw coming, barely rocking back when a fist connected with his face. He felt blood well up from a fresh cut in his lip, but didn't even bother to lick it away, just continued to stare out of the window into the night.

"Freak!" the Alpha shouted, his patience growing thin already. "Just you wait!"

Swearing and grunting under his breath, the Alpha left the room, the intent to get something to torture Hannibal with clear in mind. The fool for an Alpha obviously thought that submissive behavior could be beaten into Hannibal. The thought of that was almost enough to make Hannibal almost grin. He couldn't wait to see what else the fool would come up with.

The shadow that appeared in front of the window was unexpected though, Hannibal’s eyebrows lifting in surprise when a dark figure fought to open the rusty window in a quiet manner and crawl into the room.

The lamp’s orange light illuminated a face Hannibal hadn't expected to see again any time soon. Hannibal took in a deep breath that seemed to be his first real one in hours. With two long strides, Will was across the room and in his personal space, urgent hands roaming over his bare skin. As he was checked for damage, Hannibal couldn't help but to lean into the touch.

"Are you okay?!" Will whispered quickly, out of breath. His face was a mask of fury and his eyes glowed darkly. It was something like out of a dream or fantasy, Hannibal feeling arousal stir deep within him as he nodded.

“I'm fine. He will return soon though." Hannibal murmured back, suddenly realizing that Will was in danger with him being so effectively chained. His Alpha gave a short nod, leaving off Hannibal to position himself behind the door. He was waiting for the cop, and Hannibal couldn’t turn his eyes away from the sight of it. This Will was different. There was no fidgeting, no shuffling, no nervousness. There was just concentrated power ready to snap.

For a few minutes, it was absolutely silent, not even their low breathing could heard, Hannibal and Will were so calm. The creaks of the floorboards sounded through the house, sharp on their ears.

The door opened, making Will pounce. Before the cop knew what was happening, he was on the ground close to being unconscious after Will’s fist connected with his temple, the Alpha throwing all his weight into the strike.

Will quickly searched the groaning cop’s pockets, finding a key to throw it to Hannibal‘s cuffed hand. The Omega did not disappoint. Even bound, his reflexes were astonishing as his clever finger plucked the key out of the air, and turned it toward the lock.

The short moment Will looked away was enough for the man on the ground to surge forward and throw his weight against Will. The cop took the opportunity to run out of the door when he stumbled backwards.

Before Hannibal could shout at him to wait, Will was up on his feet and after the cop, leaving Hannibal alone again. Quickly unlocking his cuffs while suppressing a groan at the pain that raced through his arms and shoulders, Hannibal finally freed himself. He struggled for a moment with the cuffs on his ankles. As soon as the hated metal came off, Hannibal was on his feet, running after Will. He was slowed by the pain in his knees, but pushed past it to get to his Alpha.

Senses on high alert, Hannibal swiftly jogged down the length of a dark hallway to come to a very old and frail looking staircase, the Omega peering down it. At the bottom of its steps, he could see some light. With careful movement and placement of weight to not give himself away, Hannibal went down the stairs. When he stepped into the room at the end of it, he stopped dead in his tracks at the sight that greeted him.
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Chapter End Notes

I actually almost forgot to post this, because I thought today is wednesday. O_o

I haven't finished chapter 8 yet, but I really hope I'll get it done in time to give my beta a chance to look over it as well. Cross your fingers guys.

What's to be done about that?

Chapter Notes

oh god, I am so so sorry about the delay! Writer's block hit me hard and then RL sucked and suddenly time was up and I had only half a chapter.

I am so happy I have Darkmoonsigel as my beta, because she basically saved my ass and helped me out by writing the parts I was still missing.

As a thank you for all your patience I have added a chapter and it'll be now 2 more before the end.

Oh and sorry for the last cliffhanger. I hope this chapter doesn't disappoint after the long wait XD

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will had killed.

More importantly, Will had killed for him. His Alpha had attacked and basically butchered another human being to defend him.

For a moment Hannibal had trouble drawing in sufficient breath, still trying to process what he was seeing. In the middle of the room, the cop was lying on the ground in a pool of his own blood, twitching out the fleeting remainder of his life. His gasping for air came out as gurgling sounds, red foam forming around his lips from his vain attempts. His stomach was a raw red mess of wounds, his flesh gaping sloppily open in places. The lacerations emptied the body of its liquid life, dyeing the old, carpet a vibrant crimson.

Over the cop stood Will, the freshly anointed killer illuminated by the faint white streetlight coming from the outside, his weapon of choice still posed in hand. Will’s hands and arms were drenched in dark matter that dripped slowly to the ground, and his face masked with arterial spray from the wounds. Will’s expression seemed set in stone while he intently watched the dying man on the floor.

Drawing in a sharp breath, Hannibal tried to discern if he was truly awake or not, because this was like a dream come true. Here in this room, the best version of a possible future seemed to find its beginnings and taking root to become reality.

Hannibal realized that Will must have heard him, the Alpha stretching out the hand holding the bloody knife as if in invitation to him. His eyes refused to stray from the gutted pig at his feet though.

Drawn in by the allure of his Alpha, Hannibal slowly closed the distance between them. In the element he was always meant to be, Will radiated power, so much it made Hannibal almost feel dizzy. Shaking his head he tried to clear the haze of it. Hannibal could tell Will was still caught in the grip of blood lust, his body tense and his eyes wide. From personal experience, Hannibal knew one false move could trigger an unfortunate reaction, one that could cause either their demise. Despite the danger, Hannibal knew it was worth the risk. He hadn't felt this excited or alive since taunting Jack Crawford with Miriam Lass's proof of life by staging a visit from the dead woman in his own bedroom.

When he was close enough to Will, Hannibal carefully embraced him from the side, wrapping his arms around his waist to put his face to the crook of Will's neck. Drawing in a deep breath, Hannibal smelled pure Alpha musk mingled with adrenaline, fury, and above all, the heady metallic scent of fresh blood.

When Will placed an arm around him in return, Hannibal realized that the Alpha was still armed, the knife a sharp threat being pressed into his back. The blade was not placed to his flesh hard enough to cut into it, just enough to let him know that it was there, spreading sticky wetness over his skin.

The feel of cold metal running down his spine sent a spike of arousal through Hannibal, the Omega turning in that hold to present his belly to Will by leaning away. When Will didn't react, Hannibal moved to push his abdomen into Will's hip, showing him that he was ready to be claimed. Will continued to stare down though. Followed his gaze, Hannibal and Will watched the last of life drain out of the cop who had foolishly tried to take what wasn't his.

"You ruined the meat." Hannibal said softly, the first to break the silence between them now that it wasn't filled with the lingering laments of the departing.

"Good." Will snapped back, his voice harsh yet still oddly flat. Hannibal understood immediately that Will's messy butchering had been intentional. Nothing belonging to this pig would end up on their table. This was Will's kill, and that was not part of his design. He was his own killer already, with keen vision and devout purpose.

Feeling the urge to express his appreciation of this *new* Will, Hannibal lowered his head to start lapping at the hollow that lay between Will's collarbones. By doing so, Hannibal knew he was asking his Alpha to fuck him in an unusually submissive gesture as he tasted the heady mixture of salt and blood's metals.

Wanting more but involved with what he was doing, Hannibal blindly searched for Will's free hand, catching it to bring it up to his mouth. Licking the blood off Will's palm in broad sweeps, Hannibal took three fingers into his mouth to suck them clean. By doing so, his arousal soared to new heights that almost managed to choke him, the Omega beginning to feel slick running down his thighs.

That finally got a reaction out of Will, who seemed to break out of his trance with a growl that filled the corners of the room. Pupils dilated wide as Will catalogued his scents of wetness and arousal. Hannibal knew Will was his at long last when the Alpha turned his head towards him to breathe in deeply.

The hand holding the knife to his back increased its pressure slightly, making Hannibal feel torn between excitement and apprehension. Letting Will's fingers slip out of his mouth clean and slick with his spit, Hannibal placed an iron infused kiss on Will's lips, holding the Alpha's face tightly between his hands.

Drawing back to look into Will's face, Hannibal could see the murderous intent still lingering there. It was becoming a permanent part of Will, that darkness that was all his own. It was what Hannibal had always wanted. Since their first meeting, he had yearned for Will to let go of his restraint, and the last shreds of the useless morals pressed upon him by society. Being able to witness his mate's descent into darkness was almost enough to make Hannibal start believing in miracles.

Snapping completely out of his eerily calm state now, Will started to kiss Hannibal back hard. His newfound enthusiasm sent the knife clattering to the ground as Hannibal was forced to bare his throat when a hand reached up to grip his hair tightly, yanking his head back. Sharp teeth latched onto his bared skin, and Hannibal leaned into it, no longer feeling uncomfortable with the gesture. He found he craved, even needed, the reassurance of their bond, especially after today.

Will's other hand landed on his ass, squeezing the meat of it hard as he pressed them closer together. It only served to emphasize Hannibal's state of undress, his nakedness pressed up against his fully clothed mate.

Taking further control, Will broke off the kiss, breathing hard. "I am so glad you are okay. I was so scared and so angry." he whispered in between nipping bites to Hannibal's lips. Hot hands keeping the Omega in place roamed all over his cool skin, and Hannibal found he had problems focusing, caught in between the onslaught of scents and touches that left him trembling.

This moment was so close to being absolutely perfect. His Alpha had proved his ability to defend him, and was committed to doing anything necessary to assure his safety. Hannibal knew he couldn't have wished for a better Alpha. He could finally let himself believe that this could work out, that Will wouldn't abandon him. Making out beside the Alpha's kill seemed to lend credit to this budding belief, giving Hannibal a solid foundation to build upon.

Fingers slipping between his cheeks, Will made an inhuman sound upon finding the wetness there to rub the slick into already soaked skin. Hannibal canted his hips into the touch, finer muscles twitching involuntarily in response.

"I need to fuck you. Now!" Will growled and Hannibal moaned in answer.

He understood that the Alpha in Will needed to reclaim him, to erase every trace of other Alphas having touched him. What was surprising was that he loved it, the very idea of it. He needed it.

Without hesitation, Hannibal turned around to sink gracefully down to his hands and knees. Spreading his knees, Hannibal presented himself to his Alpha, ready to be taken.

“Hannibal, oh god…” Will breathed out causing Hannibal to smirk. Closing his eyes, he tried to anchor his hands in the old, worn down carpet. For the moment, Hannibal only wanted to concentrate on his other senses. The sounds of Will’s heavy breaths and his belt buckle being opened alone sent a shiver of anticipation down his spine.

Hot hands started to roam over Hannibal’s back, his sides, and his ass, fingernails scratching his skin now and then as the Omega swallowed down the urge to demand more. A broad palm pressed down on his nape, pushing his shoulders even lower while the other hand gripped his hip to hold it up higher, making Hannibal expose himself more. Letting out a deep breath, he made himself relax into the movement, letting himself be positioned however Will wanted him.

When both hands parted his cheeks to reveal the sheen of his hole, Hannibal steeled himself for the intrusion of Will’s thick cock. He was surprised when breathing ghosted over his wet skin, a cool gust of air causing goosebumps to rise all over his body. Before Hannibal could protest, a hot tongue met his upper thigh, effectively stilling any cognitive thought for a moment. When Will started to lap up the slick that had run down his skin, Hannibal’s breath shuddered out of his lungs.

A new gush of wetness left his body, and fingertips reached up to play with it, rubbing it over his skin while the tongue collected it up in broad sweeps. Placing a gentle bite on his inner thigh, Will groaned into his flesh. In direct response, Hannibal opened his mouth in a silent moan. He let his head fall down further as he arched his spine, pressing back for more.

Lost as Will drank him in, Hannibal vaguely recalled Will had wanted to do something similar to this their first time together. Cursing himself, Hannibal admitted fault to self for foolishly making him stop. Conversationally hampered, the Alpha was turning out to be very well gifted with his tongue in matters such as this.

As if in proof of that thought, the tip of the strong and agile organ circled around his rim, teasingly light and intentionally not enough. Hannibal almost snapped at Will to demand more, but he caught himself in time. He had been too hasty in the past with Will and his attentions toward him, and had ended up missing out on all that the Alpha had to offer. Hannibal chided himself for some restraint even while rough stubble scraped along his sensitive skin. Sensations complicated themselves further, and the urge to draw away battled with the need for more contact.

Just as Hannibal came to a decision about all this, Will’s tongue pressed into him, and then, Hannibal couldn’t stop his moans from filling the silent room to echo back in on him from bare walls.

That tongue was a live wire, sending currents and jolts through Hannibal’s body, the Omega sinking low enough to place his head on his forearms. Bracing himself there, Hannibal would have pushed back, but Will’s hands kept him firmly in place. The Omega knew he would have some interesting patterns on his skin come morning. He wanted Will to mark him more.

Slick flowed liberally out of his hole now. It was something that should have disgusted Hannibal if not for the mouth working continuously to collect the rivulets at their source. All Hannibal could do was dance in place like a puppet on a string while Will fed upon him.

Fingers sliding alongside that twitching organ made Hannibal jump at the intrusion as he was spread. With the hallmarks of possessive Alpha behavior, Will was feeling for looseness, checking for any trace of another Alpha through touch and taste. Unsure of his voice and refusing to embarrass himself, Hannibal clenched down on the digits and tongue. They both knew the cop hadn't done anything, other than leaving a trace of his stink upon Hannibal's skin, and even that was being overwhelmed by Will.

Hannibal made a choking sound when it all left him at once, the heat of that tongue and the length of Will's fingers scissoring. The emptiness he felt was almost paralyzing. Hannibal found he wasn't left to wait wanting for long though. Without warning or any further prep, Will sank into him in one hard thrust, pressing the air out of his lungs as he was suddenly opened up. The generous amount of slick his body was producing kept it from being painful, but did nothing to alleviate the feeling of being so unexpectedly full and stretched out at his core.

Before Hannibal could start breathing again, Will set a punishing rhythm, pounding into him with a snap of hips. The force of it moved him, Hannibal trying to get a hold on the carpet as he felt sharp nails begin to etch patterns of fire into his skin. As Will clawed his back and sides, Hannibal let out small groans, rocking back to meet every thrust the best he could.

Even that was brought to a standstill though, Will leaning over his back to place a hand to the back of his neck, effectively keeping Hannibal in place so that he could use his body.

With his extreme empathy though, Hannibal realized that Will could never be a purely selfish lover. Every stroke was angled to brush up against his prostate, making Hannibal feel a low, tense buildup that simmered along the edges of his nerves to fray them. His own ignored erection kept smacking his lower abdomen, leaving wet marks of precome there and sending jolts through his body at the smallest contact. Hannibal wanted to reach up to relieve himself, but knew that action would send him face first into the filthy carpet, something he still wished to avoid even like this.

"Will…." Hannibal growled out, which was a close to begging as he was going to get.

In answer, Will leaned over his back to penetrate him further, Hannibal left gasping wordlessly from it. The Alpha's movements weren't as abrupt like this, but far more intense, Will still driving into him by rolling his hips in subtle, forceful movements that were making his knot begin to swell.

"Like this. You have to come like this." Will murmured, sounding so calm Hannibal almost hated him for it for a moment. Teeth finding his neck dissolved this notion, Will keeping the Omega easily in place now with his bite baring down on Hannibal as his knot stretched his rim wide.

The strange euphoria from the mixture of pain, pleasure, and being so thoroughly owned stole Hannibal's pleasure from him when he least expected it, the Omega emptying himself on onto the carpet as he jerked in place against his bonds. Will refused to slow down or even pause for it, the Alpha fucking Hannibal through his orgasm to find his own pleasure as Hannibal's body was the lock to his key. Passage bearing down on him, Will came with his

mouth full of Hannibal's blood, drinking his mate in even as he filled him with his essence. It felt Hannibal groaning at the sensation of liquid heat making him heavily full.

For a moment, Hannibal refused to lay down on that old, dirty carpet when Will collapsed on his back, but his arms and legs just couldn't support both of them anymore. With a resigned sigh, he let them both down to the ground on their sides, barely avoiding the wet spot before he went boneless. When he was done being blissed out, Hannibal resolved to bathe until his skin was pink, shiny, and scrubbed within an inch of its life. If he could, he would have killed that damn cop all over again for keeping him in such a filthy place.

Time seemed to pass for them slow, the only sound in the dark room being their heavy breathing, and the occasional silken sound of hands sliding over skin. While Will seemed content to bask in the afterglow, Hannibal tried to get a grip with himself and on what had happened. He knew he had just basically acted like a true Omega. Now that he had fully regained his senses, the thought of it was making him feel uncomfortable.

Until now, Hannibal had always at least tried to keep some form of control over situations. To have acted out like that, to allow pure instinct to override his restraint like that didn't sit well with him. Hannibal felt terribly unbalanced, and even worse, he didn't know what to do about it. The feeling of displacement only intensified when he felt Will start to stir on top of him.

"I'm sorry." Will murmured, mouthing the words into Hannibal's new mating marks. "I know how much you dislike being controlled by hormones and instinct. I didn't expect...I didn't expect the strength of my reaction to smelling him on you."

Something eased in Hannibal as other things clicked into place, securing him further. Hannibal could feel himself relax against Will, settle the lines of their body back in place. He realized belated that he had been leaning away from his Alpha, Will's hands upon him bringing him back. Hannibal turned his head to give his mate a small smile back, a sign that his trespasses were forgiven.

"It's quite alright, Will. You are not to be blamed, and the person who's at fault has found the end they so richly deserved." Hannibal said, breathing in deeply. The smell of blood mixed with their arousal was a heady perfume. Will did not echo the sound though, the Alpha sighing heavily in response. The sound of it wasn't a happy one.

"Will?" Hannibal asked, his simple question holding a certain volume in its tone.

"You got abducted by two cops. And there might be a body in the trunk outside. The second cop. He led me here to you…" Will said, looking up to the ceiling as if for guidance. "… Eventually."

The real smile broke out across Hannibal's face, the expression wide and happy. In this moment, his mate couldn't be made more perfect for him. Murder and torture, and the demise of their enemies all in one day?

"My dear Will…You spoil me."

A reluctant smile appeared on Will’s face then and Hannibal turned as best as he could and pressed a gentle kiss to the corner of his mouth.

Will’s arms wrapped around him then, holding him close and pressing his face into Hannibal’s nape.

“It’s Jack. He’s behind it,” Will growled.

Hannibal tensed for a moment in reaction to Will’s distress, but he relaxed immediately. In the end though he wasn’t really surprised and he couldn’t have thought of a better way to get Will away from Jack’s influence. It was perfect.

“Well, well. What’s to be done about that?” he murmured.

Will looked up. “Do you have a plan?”

Hannibal just smiled.

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Chapter End Notes

I suck at titles and summaries. ugh.

Oh and since all my plans are now screwed, I'm not gonna promise a posting date anymore. I'm sorry D:

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

The beginning of the end?

Chapter Notes

I apologize for the long wait. The lives of me and my beta DarkmoonSigel were damn busy these last weeks and nothing went as fast as it should.

Also - still reeling from tonight's episode. Holy shit.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

With shaking hands, Will opened the car door to almost fall out of the vehicle entirely, stumbling onto Hannibal's driveway. His curly hair was sweaty and plastered to his head. His clothes fared no better, moist enough to stick to his slick skin. He was freezing, looking pale and worn down much like death warmed over, and that was how Jack found him when he stepped out of Hannibal's house. Nobody else seemed to be around, the crime scene obviously processed and cleared of personal by now.

"Will, where the fuck have you been!?" Jack barked by way of greeting, angry waves of power rolling off of him. Flinched violently from the display, Will stopped where he was, and waiting for Jack to be the one to close the distance between them.

"I had to get away. Just…you know…driving around. Clear my mind. Try and get myself back together." Will gestured vaguely into the air as if he were trying to pull reasonable answers from it. He pulled a face at the sight of the empty house behind Jack.

"You were pretty intent on losing me yesterday for just *driving around*." Jack said as he narrowed his eyes and flared his nostrils in anger. Will made himself not react as the other Alpha scented him, obviously trying to deduce how truthful he was being. It made Will wonder how long he had put up with such rude behavior like that.
"My mate was abducted! I needed to be alone, Jack!" Will growled out even as he ducked his head, forced himself to look down at the ground in a submissive gesture. Clenching his teeth to not misspeak, Will stuck to the plan. It didn't mean he had to like it though.

"Don't bullshit me, Will!" Jack bellowed. As predicted, he would take advantage of the other Alpha as soon as he was given an opening. Before Will could react though, he felt a soft presence in his mind that robbed him of his breath even though he knew it was approaching.

Will knew Jack felt it too, though in an entirely different context when he heard the other Alpha gasp in shock. Looking up, Will saw Jack's gaze being trained on something behind him, the man's dark eyes wide in surprise. Whipped his own head around, the sight that met his own gaze almost sent Will to his knees.

"Hannibal!" Will shouted, already sprinting towards his mate who stood at the end of his own driveway, looking terribly disheveled. Before he could reach him, the Omega dropped weakly to his knees in a boneless heap, the last of his strength giving out on him. His once immaculate clothes were torn, the expensive material obviously cut from his body in pieces by something sharp, and further ruined by ground in filth. Blood covered Hannibal's face and hands in dark flaking tracks, the Omega looking absolutely exhausted under his covering of dirt and blood.

Falling to his knees in front of him, Will closed his arms around his mate, drawing him in to press them tightly together. Hannibal's arms wrapped around his back as the Omega's hands desperately clawed at Will's clothing, like Hannibal was trying to decide if Will were real or not. From a distance, his movements came off as desperate and fear driven. Up close, it made for an excellent cover to hold a quick conversation.

"How did it go?" Hannibal asked low into Will's ear who could hear his amusement.
Will snorted, turning his head to place a soft kiss to his cheek.
"How do you think? Jack was only too happy to be vile with me." Will chuckled dryly, rubbing his cheek against Hannibal's to scent mark him in the most obvious way possible. He was reclaiming Hannibal right in front of Jack, and loving every moment of it.

"Dr. Lecter!?" they heard the other Alpha shout, Jack already making his way toward them.

"Let the game begin," Hannibal murmured, burrowing his face into the crook of Will's neck to hide it better from the advancing Alpha in a classic Omega move. Will hummed in excitement, the vibrations of it felt as well as heard. It made Hannibal grin sharp teeth into Will's throat.

"Dr. Lecter, what happened?! You were abducted! How did you escape?!" Jack unloaded one question right after the other as he knelt down next to them. It caused Hannibal to flinch away whimpering as press his body into Will's own like he could climb into the hollow of Alpha's body and be safe there. Answering for the Omega, Will growled at Jack, baring his teeth at him. Lifted his hands in a placating gesture, Jack regained enough sense to move back a bit. Only a fool would try to get between an Alpha and their wounded Omega.
"It's okay, sweetheart. You're home now. Nothing is going to happen to you here. I'll protect you. Let's go inside." Will soothed, gently stroking Hannibal's back. Letting instinct take over for once, Will made the soothing noises that Alphas could only produce for an upset Omega. Not quite a growl but definitely not a purr, it was a pleasant rumbling meant to calm a distressed Omega or mate. It made Hannibal jolt in surprise, the emotion coming through in their bond as well.

Will knew it was all fake. He *knew*. But seeing Hannibal like that, weak and hurt and needing his support to get up, even if it was only pretend…it hurt his soul. Fake or not, Will positioned himself between Hannibal and Jack, making the other Alpha keep his distance. Hannibal played up his part as well, casting fearful eyes at Jack over Will's shoulder

whenever he dared to raise his head. It must have been enough of a shock for Jack to see Hannibal like that, the Alpha keeping a respectable distance from the pair now. Considering he was the one to blame for this though, Will only had contempt left in him for the man.

After almost having to carry Hannibal into his house, Will carefully sat him down in the leather armchair in the kitchen. Whether for Jack's benefit or in regard to his wounds, Hannibal flinched anyway. The reaction made Will want to rip someone apart and never let his mate out of his sight again. Quelling down the urge to wound, maim, and murder, Will sat on one arm of the chair. It made him lean over Hannibal to hug him and hold him close, creating a barrier with his own body between the Omega and the room at large. Hannibal still smelled like the old house and the blood that had been spilled there. It was divine yet maddening to experience all in one breathe.

"Dr. Lecter, do you know who took you? Have you had a chance to identify your attacker? Do you know where you've been held?" Jack said, pacing behind them. He radiated worry and impatience. The feeling of it made Will smile into Hannibal's hair, the Alpha hiding the expression there for his mate to feel. His Omega tightened his grip on Will's thigh in a warning though, forcefully reminding Will that they still had their parts to play. The thought of it sobered Will up again.

Inching as close to Will as the confines of the chair would allow him, Hannibal hid his face in his coat and only shook his head in answer. Will wrapped his arms around his head, pressing Hannibal's face to his chest to hide it from the room and from Jack's stare.
Despite having a vital role to play in all this, Will found that he had trouble concentrating, parts of him still reeling from the show of weakness Hannibal displayed. He could smell himself, his own Alpha hormones, the sharp scent of his musk flooded the room to warn off other Alphas and to protect his mate.

It was making Hannibal's body react as well, the Omega smelling unusually sweet but not cloyingly so to him. All the better to entice Will to reclaim him after being forcefully separated. The other Alpha's presence was truly beginning to wear at Will's patience.

"Jack," Will growled in warning, barely bothering to keep civil. "Give him some room to breathe."
Glaring furiously in answer, Jack took steps backward, warded off by a further show of teeth, and sharp notes of musk that promises violence if he dared to near them again. There was a desperation thrumming off of Jack, the empath able to hear it clear as a song played specifically for him. Will found its unique melody almost soothing. After a few moments of tense silence, Hannibal turned his head against Will's chest so he could speak to Jack without leaving his Alpha's tight embrace.

"When I woke up, my head hurt." Hannibal said softly. His voice was barely a whisper, making Will tighten his arms. "I was blindfolded and chained to a wall."
Moving his right arm, Hannibal showed Jack the wounds on his wrist, the skin of it rubbed raw and enflamed. If it were at all possible, Will knew he would kill those men all over again, but this time he would really make it hurt and for far longer.

"I… there were two… I never saw them. They never talked. They just…" Hannibal managed out before breaking off with a shuddering breath to press his face back into Will's clothes.

The Alpha rocked his Omega gently, pressing kisses to his dirty hair.

“How did you escape?” Jack asked, sounding calmer but still tense.
“I didn’t escape. I think there was someone else there, someone who found me and helped me. I don’t remember much. I was drugged, though I am not sure what they gave me or how long I was out. I woke up on the edge of the city, and walked back.” Hannibal said, drawing in a deep breath as if to find the strength to carry on. “I couldn’t trust…anyone…to not…”

“I think that’s enough now, Jack. Let me take care of Hannibal now. Will you inform the police for us so they stop looking for him?” Will asked without really doing so. His order made Jack clench his jaw. In the end though, the other Alpha nodded and backed off.
“If Hannibal remembers anything new, I will call you.” Will stated, his word’s intent clear. It was an obvious suggestion for Jack to leave now, and one he realized in a surprisingly short amount of time. With a final glare at them both, Jack removed his presence the kitchen, and a moment later, they heard the front door shut behind the man.

Letting out a relieved breath Will expected Hannibal to move out of their tight embrace right away, yet he remained as he was, pressed up to Will’s chest, breathing in his scent instead. Will was confused for a second when Hannibal didn’t move away from him. He wasn‘t about to insist that he did though. Inhaling deeply to scent Hannibal back, Will relaxed into their embrace. To hell with it. The next few hours…hell, the next few days… would be stressful enough.

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Roughly three hours after Jack’s departure, Will opened the door to find Alana Bloom standing on its stoop. It was just as awkward as he’d expected it to be. After their ill-fated kiss, their friendship had never been the same. He still didn’t know what had possessed him to kiss the other Alpha. Alana had a tendency to lean toward more Beta characteristics and mannerisms, but when it came down to brass tacks and fumbled kisses in the dark, she was all Alpha. Two Alphas in an intimate relationship were usually unsuited for one another, damned from the get-go by their own biology working against them.

“Alana. What are you doing here?” Will greeted though he didn’t move to let her in. If anything, he moved to fill the gap in the door with his own body. In his opinion, there had been enough people invading the house the last few days. It was clear that she registered his passive aggressive body language, but chose not to react to it.

“Hello, Will. I was concerned about you and Hannibal. Jack told me what happened. I wanted to check in on you both to see how you were doing.” Alana said, keeping her careful tones crafted in shades of sincerity and disquiet. Despite him knowing this, Will found it had the effect she was going for upon him. With a pang of unease, Will remembered that Hannibal and Alana were friends too, and it would be unfair to keep them apart. He also remembered why he hated psychiatrists.

“Give me a minute. I’ll ask if he wants to see you.” Will said, seeking some sort of middle ground. He was Hannibal’s Alpha, not her. It would be well within his right to send her away without any explanation. Will knew he would never do such a thing, but he didn’t like the idea of an attractive Alpha around Hannibal.

Sensing his unease, Alana lifted an eyebrow at that statement, but stayed where she was. Tapping down instinct and ever growing murderous intent, Will hurried back to the kitchen to where Hannibal was preparing their dinner. He was wearing a white dress shirt, dark slack, his apparel covered by a long white apron. Even dressed simply, he looked utterly divine and almost surreal in his grace.

For a moment, all Will could do was stare at the line of his strong back and the sharp curvature of his hips, watching Hannibal move fluidly in his element. Will found that he had to fight down the urge to bend the Omega over the counter and fuck him senseless.

Belated, Will realized be must have been broadcasted that urge through their bond, because Hannibal turned around with a knowing smirk. He tilted his hip in mock response even as he arched a brow at Will.

“It’s Alana.” Will said finally upon rediscovering his ability to talk.

“Perfect.”

When Hannibal looked pleased about that, Will winced at the pangs of jealousy that shot through him. It did not go unnoticed, Hannibal gracing him with a slight smile, one meant to soothe, not tease as he sent reassurance back through their bond. Will knew if they had the time Hannibal would let him fuck him right there and then, against the counter in the middle of his kitchen.

Knowing they had to enact the next part of their plan, Will tried not to think about fucking Hannibal deep and slow. Of filling him up to his rim, making him keep all his Alpha’s spent inside with the help of an Omega plug, or keeping him wet, open, and feeling too full as he made dinner or went to appointments like that. The thought of Hannibal forced to do his job, keeping a straight face the entire time while stuffed with his cum, having to shift to settle the plug comfortably in his body made Will start to pant. He could pick up such an item easily enough. Possessiveness was a natural tendency of Alphas. Female Omegas were often plugged to ensure impregnation. In male Omegas, it was considered the most possessive type of marking.

“Will…” Hannibal said in warning, making the Alpha wonder how much the bond gave away. Will was already moving across the kitchen, staring Hannibal down as he approached. To Will’s delight, instead of being intimidated, Hannibal met his eyes and held them. Whether it was a tendency borne from nature or nurture, Will found that he didn’t care, that he could love Hannibal a little bit more for it, that defiance.

“Let me do this….” Will murmured, reaching for Hannibal though he had no idea what he was doing or how far he was going to take this. Alana was still waiting at the front door for an answer, and they needed her support for this plan to work without a hitch. They couldn’t afford to mindlessly rut into each other like they caught in the midst of Heat.

“Please…” Will said as he pressed an open mouth kiss to Hannibal’s wrist, below the bandaged part when he felt the Omega start to pull away. He ran his tongue over the skin he found here, leaving behind saliva and the pheromones markers in it. They would react with Hannibal’s body to say without words that the Omega was claimed. Will repeated the mark

on the other wrist as well, glancing up at Hannibal as he did so. He found himself being watched with interest, Hannibal making no move to stop or encourage him.

Laving one last swipe to a pulse point, Will pulled Hannibal closer to him as his other hand went up to cup the side of the Omega's face, tilting his head to the side. With a sigh, Hannibal went along with the gentle order, baring his throat to Will who fought the urge to break the skin with his teeth as he lapped at hidden scent glands there.

Will knew he didn't have time to linger or have the restraint to, not with the taste of his mate coating his tongue so thickly. Making quick work of the curvature, Will released Hannibal only to turn him around and shove him up against the counter, the Omega catching himself in time as to not fall forward into the ingredients.

"Will!"

That move earned Will an all out growl from Hannibal, the Omega already beginning to react. Will was faster this time, his hands unbuckling a belt in record time to shove Hannibal's pants down just past the curve of his ass, the air hitting the suddenly bare skin chilly enough to make it goose bump.

"Please…" Will whispered, his lips already grazing the curve of Hannibal ass. Pressing a hand to the small of Hannibal's back, Will kept his mate in place there, gripping the counter with white knuckles. Confident that Hannibal would stay in place, at least for a moment, Will parted flesh with rough hands to expose a glistening hole. Fragrant slick seeped out of the opening. Not enough to make penetration comfortable, but it presence alone told Will what Hannibal wasn't willing to admit aloud. That he liked this, this possessive treatment.

Cursing Alana's existence, Will ran the flat of his tongue around Hannibal's rim causing as soft, unintelligible noise to come out of Hannibal's mouth. Probing the entrance delicately with only his tongue's tip, Will collected up the Omega's slick to greedily swallow it down.

"Will…" Hannibal rasped as he was probed deeper, Will chasing after the taste to its source with abandon. Teeth sinking into the meat of his ass caused Hannibal to cry out, the mixture of pleasure and pain exquisite. Will had refrained from marking his neck with anything other than salvia. Other parts of his body were seen as fair game though, the bite definitely wounding. Sighing at so many things, Hannibal reasoned it was a good thing his slacks were dark. They would adequately hide the blood and slick that he knew would be oozing out of him during his conversation with Alana, though nothing could be done about the smell.

"Clean yourself up. We have company." Will smiled, licking the blood and slick from his lips as he pulled up Hannibal's pants but left them unbuckled, but not before feeling how hard the Omega was. Placing a parting kiss and lick to the nape of Hannibal's neck, Will adjusted himself so that he could welcome Alana into the house without his pants tented.

It might come off as rude.

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Taking a deep breath, Hannibal prepared for another scene of emotional breakdown, this time for Alana. He found it took a lot of effort and energy to convincingly display a distraught and scared Omega. The weakness he had to show might just be pretend and Will knew it too, but it still left him feeling exhausted afterwards. It needed to be done though. Alana was an important piece in their game if they wanted this to go smoothly, and he needed to convince her to support them without hesitation and not Jack.

Closing his eyes for a moment, Hannibal placed himself into the mindset he needed to be in, parts of him watching with interest as the hand holding the knife started to shake slightly in his grip. As if on cue, Alana's perfume and weak alpha scent invaded the kitchen. Hannibal was surprised how soothing her smell was to him. He'd always liked Alana and it would have been a shame if he'd have to make her vanish for one reason or another. Soothing or not though, when Hannibal heard her enter the kitchen, he tensed his shoulders. He didn't bother to turn around, focused on making himself appear small and vulnerable through body language alone.

"Hello, Hannibal." Alana said, her voice low and soothing and careful, as if talking to a skittish animal. To her credit, it might have worked on anyone else.

Straightening his back a bit, Hannibal turned his head towards the door where Alana lingered in its frame. Will stood right behind her, watching him with intense eyes, more grey than blue with the new weight behind them. Returning his attention back to Alana, Hannibal held her gaze for only a short moment before busying himself by chopping the vegetables.

"Hello, Alana. It's been a while." Hannibal said. He kept his voice low and sounding dead around the edges, like talking to her was a hardship he was willing to endure for her sake.

"How are you feeling? Are you okay?" Alana asked, approaching him carefully. Hannibal could almost *feel* Will rolling his eyes at that. He noted that her nostrils flared ever so slightly, taking in a wealth of scent. Hannibal knew he would smell ripe with his mate's musk from the marking with hints of arousal lingering in the finish.

"I am alright. I'll be back to my normal self in no time." Hannibal said, his words carefully chosen for a reason. He was confident that admitting to being out of sorts at the moment would immediately catch her attention.

"Do you want me to go, so you both can talk?" Will said, finally entering the kitchen after Alana. The Alpha stepped behind him to put a hand between his shoulder blades, and Hannibal let himself visibly relax, given Alana a show in textbook Omega behavior.

"No!" Hannibal gasped as if distraught at the very suggestion of Will's absence. Pretending he just remembered that they had company, Hannibal immediately lowered his head, clenching his jaw as if embarrassed by his outburst. In response, Will's hand started to gently rub little circles into his back to calm him down, before retreating to the farthest corner of the room to give them some space to talk. His presence was still palpable, but not overwhelmingly so. Alana stayed where she was and made no attempt to come any closer to him. The lines in the sand had been drawn by Will, and Hannibal knew Alana would respect them even if she didn't agree or like them there.

“How have you settled into your new life?” Alana gently asked, tastefully avoiding the topic of his abduction for now. Hannibal knew he had always liked her for a reason, the Omega mused as he put the vegetables into the pan, and took the meat out of the fridge.

“Everything is working out surprisingly well. Will is very accommodating towards my needs, and I am having no difficulties adjusting whatsoever.” Hannibal said with a surprising amount of honesty. A pleasant tingling through their bond told Hannibal that Will was pleased with that answer as well.

“I’m glad to hear that. I was concerned about the both of you. As individuals, you are really not the typical example of your respective genders, but maybe that’s exactly what you both needed.” Alana said, ending her assessment with a kind smile. Hannibal had always known she was a smart one, which was why steps had to be taken to convince her, as degrading as they were to perform.

When Alana moved closer then, either to embrace him or test boundaries, Hannibal flinched back from her, taking a step towards Will. Loathe as he was to display such inelegant behavior, he needed to demonstrate insecurity and anxiety as much as possible. Alana stopped any sort of advance, the low growl coming from Will making the both of them freeze in place, though for different reason. Alana’s eyes widened as she fell into a defensive pose while Hannibal immediately felt himself relax.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t want to scare you.” Alana said quietly, her beautiful face expressed such sadness as her eyes lingered on his bruises, bandaged wrists, and cut lip. “What have they done to you, Hannibal?”

Hannibal kept the anger he felt rolling through him off of his face. He hated the pity in her eyes. Hiding his disgust, Hannibal turned away from her to glare down at his knife. He felt Will move out of his seat and step behind him, not touching, just being there as a barrier between him and Alana.

“It’s not important what they did to him. It was wrong, and I want them to pay for it.” Will answered for them both, his voice sharp and too loud for this space. Hannibal heard Alana move away from them, going back to the doorframe to lean against it.

“Of course, I’m sorry.” Alana murmured as she openly studied the two of them. The following silence was deliciously tense. Hannibal kept to his part though, waiting for Will’s cue.

“Hannibal, tell her.” Will ordered, putting power behind his words. It was enough to make Hannibal’s body shudder in delight though he knew Alana would misunderstand the reaction and take it for fearful submission. Tapping down arousal that threatened to rear its head again, Hannibal turned himself around slowly to face Alana, broadcasting nervousness and insecurity.

“The man who freed me… I think it was Jack.” Hannibal admitted slowly as if saying the words were painful. He held his breath, watching her reaction. He was not disappointed.

"What?!" Alana frowned, her confusion a clear thing to witness. It was obvious that she didn't grasp what the revelation actually meant. Knowing his former protégé would need a little bit more convincing, Hannibal decided that now was the time to truly show Alana how "scared" he was after the recent events. Abandoning the meal's preparations, like that wasn't telling enough, Hannibal lowered his head as he pressed himself into Will so that their bodies were momentarily flush with one another to exchange scents. Moving behind Will, Hannibal stayed pressed to the Alpha's back so he could effectively hide most of his body from the other Alpha's view.

"Will, what's going on?! What is that supposed to mean?" Alana voice started to rise, the Alpha controlling herself as she watched Hannibal start to shiver. Hunched in on himself, Hannibal tried to make himself smaller. A ridiculous notion but one that pertained to common Omega characteristics. In volatile situations, especially ones with two Alphas involved, a claimed Omega would seek out their Alpha and attempt to hide behind their mate, all while making themselves a smaller target.

"It means that Jack is in on this. He probably got cold feet though, and let Hannibal go before anything truly horrific happened to him." Will said, his voice frigid with a rage and the power rolling off of him.

"That is ridiculous! Why would Jack do such a thing?" Alana snapped, pushed to her edge by Will's display in power. Displeasure radiated from her, making Hannibal whimper. He detested having to do this. Alana was a weak Alpha and in a normal situation, she wouldn't have had the slightest impact on him. She seemed to be surprised as well by his reaction, reeling herself back in. One of Will's hands reached back for him, Hannibal gladly gripped it with both of his, holding on tight like Will was his anchor.

"I'm sorry. Hannibal, I didn't want to scare you. I know you've been through hell." Alana apologized, trying to soothe him.

"Alana, you've known Hannibal longer than me…" Will was loathe to admit. "You know how incredible Hannibal's nose is. If he says he smelled Jack there, I believe him."

When Alana nodded hesitantly in response, Will continued. "Jack hates the fact that I'm bonded to him and more interested in Hannibal than his cases now. With Bella being this sick, the Ripper still at large, he is probably slowly but surely losing it." He made himself sound absolutely sure.

Hannibal realized that Will was trying to subtly influence her with the strength of his tone. He wondered if Alana was aware of it as well, and if she would let it slide. To him it was glaringly obvious. Hannibal hoped Will would have the good sense to never try this sort of thing with him. Before Alana could respond though, her cell phone rang, breaking the tense silence. Hannibal risked looking over Will's shoulder in time to see her frown at the ID.

"Yes? Oh, Agent Katz…" Alana answered, mouthing apologies at the pair. She had obviously deemed her caller important enough to answer her phone, and risk being rude.

While Alana listened to whatever Beverly had to say, Hannibal lifted his head high enough to nose the soft curls at Will's nape, pressing soft kisses to the Alpha's neck. He felt Will relax

and lean back into him. Turning his head, Will tilted it back so that they could share a soft kiss. They broke apart when Alana hung up, looking troubled.

"That was Agent Katz. She asked me to a crime scene they got called to this morning and wondered if I could bring you with me. Apparently Jack refuses to call you, even though it clearly looks like a Ripper scene." Alana said hesitantly, obviously not liking the news or how it pertained to their disrupted conversation.

"Sounds suspicious, doesn't it?" Will nodded. "It's clearly not his normal behavior. Almost like something is up with him. Like he has something to hide."

"I have to admit it does sounds weird, but I'm not going to think about Jack like that until I've seen some proof for myself." Alana shook her head before leveling a look at the other Alpha. "Will you accompany me?"

"Will you be alright alone for a few hours?" Will asked concerned, turning around so that he could wrap his arms around Hannibal. Kept in place and expected to answer, Hannibal looked down to his feet and nodded slowly. Warm kisses were pressed to his nose, to his bruises, and the corner of his mouth, all small rewards for being so brave. Pretend or not, the attention made Hannibal feel all warm and tingly.

"Lock all doors and windows, don't answer the phone, stay in the kitchen or the bedroom and everything will be okay. I'll be back as soon as possible. I promise." Will told him, letting Hannibal go. They were reminded that there was a witness when Alana moved forward to make her goodbyes. Hannibal jerked back in response as Will growled instinctively at her, placing himself between the two.

"I think I'll wait outside for you. I hope you feel better soon, Hannibal. I really don't like seeing you like this. Call me, when you feel up to facing me again, because I'd really hate to lose you as a friend." Alana said with a sad smile in parting.

The moment the front door closed behind her, Will shoved Hannibal backwards against the kitchen counter to press a deep kiss to his mouth. Relaxing into the hard grip, Hannibal opened up, letting Will take whatever he needed from him. By the time Will broke away, he was panting.

"I hate seeing you like this. I really hope this will be over soon." Will admitted, nipping faint red marks into Omega's jaw line.

"As soon as you're gone, I'll be on my way to Jack's house and talk to Bella. When we are both done with our tasks, everything should work out as we hope." Hannibal smiled, basking in the attention. It was easier to do what expected, especially now that they were in tune with one another.

"You think Bella will agree to help us?" Will muttered, pausing in his adorations to take a deep breath.

"I think I know how to convince her," Hannibal smirked, already envisioning her surrender and the inevitable outcome.

"Be careful, you hear me? I will be very cross with you if something happens to you. Again." Will threatened. Hannibal let his smirk morph into a more fond expression.

"I am always careful, Will.” Hannibal promised and corrected all in one go.

With one last kiss and great reluctance, Will finally let him go to follow Alana out of the door. Hannibal watched them leave and secured the house before he went into the basement. Their future would begin today. Depending on the outcome, it would either be a short one with them sitting in separate cells, or a long one with them living together here in this house, doing what they were always meant to do.

To keep his mind on task, Hannibal didn’t dare dwell on possibilities. Those sorts of distractions could be detrimental. The utmost focus was needed. To succeed in this endeavor, all the evidence would have to point towards Jack and none to Will or himself.

With Jack gone, there would be nothing left to threaten their lives. He and Will could be happy together. Even though he had been quite content before Jack had entered his office that fateful day, being happy with someone else certainly felt good. It was a different kind of joy that filled his whole being and every aspect of his life. That should have been an uncomfortable thought, but it wasn’t. It took a weight off of Hannibal’s shoulders, one that he hadn’t even realized was there.

Pausing to a standstill, Hannibal shut his eyes and concentrated on their bond. It was a warm and gentle presence in his mind, and with a newfound determination, Hannibal pushed his exhilaration into the connection. Though still relatively new, he hoped their bond would be strong enough for it to reach Will even over the ever growing distance between them.

After just a few moments, Hannibal felt Will’s response, adoration and something akin to worship lapping up against the edges of his mind like sun warmed waves. In shock, Hannibal opened his eyes, only to realize that he really shouldn’t feel so surprised. The evidence had been there all along in every single act Will offered up to him since the moment he’d proposed to save Hannibal from his Heat and other Alphas, maybe even before that. Reveling in the sensations, at least for a moment, Hannibal smiled softly.
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Chapter End Notes

So, technically this is the end. Only an epilogue left and it's already halfway written. I will be sad to see this story end, but all good things come to an end ;)

Oh and you have to thank DarkmoonSigel for the porny bits. Somehow I failed at that in this chapter ;)

Epilogue

Chapter Notes

So. This is it. I apologise for the long delay, but life and sickness have not only rendered myself unable to do anything for a while, but my lovely beta DarkmoonSigel as well.

Thank you all so much for reading, commenting and leaving Kudos. This fic has gotten way more attention than I ever thought possible and I'm still flabbergasted.

It won't be the last fic I've written and DarkmoonSigel has agreed to staying my beta. Who knows, maybe there'll be a colaboration in the future ;)

And now enjoy the Epilogue!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will woke up gradually, enjoying how his skin on his face was being gently warmed by dawn’s first light. Waking up further but not in any hurry, Will could appreciate the comforting scents of their bedroom, the seamless combination of Alpha and Omega musk tickling his nose. The now familiar weight of Hannibal's arm across his lower back centered Will in the present, and with a soft smile, Will reveled in the reality that they were free now.

Leaning into a pillow that was almost offensive to him in its surreal softness, Will felt well rested, content, and utterly relaxed. He couldn't remember the last time that had happened before being mated. These last few days had been glorious, and Will couldn't believe how easy it had been to trick the FBI and everyone else. It came now as no surprise to him that the Chesapeake Ripper had never been caught, not when the majority of FBI agents were so blind to the obvious. If this story had a different ending, Will wondered if it could have been him behind bars at the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane.

Will closed his eyes and reveled in his memories of how he'd walked through the skeletal structure of the burnt out house that day. The soot and charred traces of the fire had been almost an art in and of itself, destroying any evidence of their earlier presence, but leaving behind large parts of the rooms they needed untouched. In a way, it looked like a painting, the house’s blackened remains forming the framework perfectly for their art.

At the scene, Jack was completely out of sorts, snapping and barking at everyone, but inexplicably flat out ignoring Will. Finding the two cops as artfully murdered victims of the Chesapeake Ripper must have wreaked havoc in his brain, Will mused to himself at the time, enjoying Jack‘s panic. Forced into a corner, Jack couldn't tell anyone about Hannibal in fear of revealing his own part in the whole mess. Anyone who came near him could smell his stress and anxiety level. Such things could be easily mistaken for guilt if a certain someone were to whisper those kinds of sweet lies in other people’s ears.

Looking worried, Beverly had taken Will off to the side before he went into the room with the bodies, expressing her relief at Hannibal's return. At the same time, she commented on Jack's obviously weird behavior and how he had even tried to stop them from calling Will in, his best profiler. She hadn't known what to make of it, and had felt compelled to ask Will for his opinion on the matter. It was the opportune time to throw gasoline on the fire, Will telling Beverly his concerns, the same ones he had already voiced to Alana. It was enough to cement her suspicions, Beverly taking the bait, hook, line, and sinker without hesitation.

The crime scene had been just as beautiful as the night before, only now there was sunlight streaming in, illuminating everything and making the arrangement breathtaking. The two cops had been skinned completely, leaving their bodies to shine wetly in bright red colors. Hardened blood glistening like putrid dew in the daylight, the bodies entwined in a lover's embrace with woven hands reaching into the opened cavern of their chests, placing the hands where their hearts should have been. It had been Hannibal’s idea to recreate the Tarot card ‘The Lovers’ in flesh, because it would mock all involved in their death. It especially made the damned pair into something they never were in their life. Will had loved the concept in its entirety from beginning to end.

Breathing a soft sigh of relief, Will could only feel elation in the knowledge that Jack was gone and couldn't threaten them anymore. Jack Crawford, the man who'd been arrested as the copycat killer and the man who'd killed his wife. It hadn't been hard for Will to twist everything about the murders in a way that would point towards Jack, especially once they found the burner phones in the house, leading to another burner phone in Jack‘s possession. The fact that Jack had met the cop not too long ago at another crime scene only worked in their favor.

Then there was Bella of course. Beautiful, dying Bella who wasn‘t meant long for this world. She had been in pain for far too long, holding on and going through useless treatment for Jack. As tired and done as she was with living, it was a simply thing for Hannibal to convince her to kill herself, that it was alright to just let it all go. With Hannibal’s help, she was given a quick, clean death. With her veins filled with morphine, Bella died peacefully in her sleep, her spirit at rest. Her body was another matter entirely, the thought of it making Will smirk into the pillow.

A master of his medium, Hannibal made a fragile body riddled with cancer into something glorious, elevating it into high art. Bella’s arrangement was Boticelli's The Birth of Venus, elegant and beautiful and chaste. It held all the right intentions of a love and a respect for her so Will didn't even have to lie too much about her killer‘s motivations.

With some further help of evidence Hannibal planted around the Crawford’s home, it didn't even take a day for Jack to be arrested. Not that Jack cared all that much in the end. The death of his wife had taken all fight out of him, his strength leaving him when Jack felt his mate slip away into that gentle night and their bond with it. Chilton won't have much fun with the shell of a man that remained.

With Jack out of the picture, Will went back to teaching classes at Quantico, and Hannibal returned to his practice. With time, their lives together settled down. It was the simple life, the most normal kind that Will had ever had. He cherished every second of it.

Feeling Hannibal shift behind him, Will's thoughts returned to his mate, the one pressing in closer to bury his face into the Alpha's side, Hannibal's hair tickling over sensitive ribs. Will loved how Hannibal was all clingy and cuddly in his sleep. He might deny it vehemently when awake, but Hannibal needed the physical contact just as much as Will did. Maybe even more now, Will mused, now that Hannibal had given in fully to his own nature and embraced being an Omega to an extent.

The arm over his waist tightened suddenly, pulling Will in close until he was almost buried underneath Hannibal. A hard chest pressed into his back putting more weight on him, Will loving the feeling of being captured. He wanted to stay like this forever.

"Good morning, Will." Hannibal murmured into his shoulder, pressing a soft kiss to his old scar.

"Morning." Will mumbled into the pillow to hide his stupidly happy grin. He just felt so damn good. For a few more moments, neither of them moved out of their tight embrace, or the wonderful warmth between their blankets. Nothing lasted forever though, Hannibal's weight vanishing off of him, leaving Will cold. He had time to make a soft protesting sound before big, hot palms pressed down onto his shoulders in answer.

When strong fingers started to work on his muscles, Will moaned out loud. He pressed his face into the fluffy pillow to muffle a groan when Hannibal hit an especially tense spot to relentlessly work on it. Surgeon's hands expertly stroked down Will's back, pressing and kneading into tendons, sinews, and muscles, playing his body like an instrument. Melting into the mattress, Will couldn't keep the wide smile off his face. He let out an appreciative hum, Hannibal pressing a soft kiss between his shoulder blades as he finished.

Placing himself back on top of Will, Hannibal threw the blanket over them before settling in so that their bodies fit together like malleable puzzle pieces. This moment was perfect, Will sending a wave of happiness, joy, and love through their bond. He was unable to contain the feelings that threatened to choke him in all the best ways possible.

Hannibal gasped and tensed for a moment before practically melting into him, going all heavy and loose limbed. When he felt tentative reciprocation through the bond, Will groped for the hand next to his, intertwining their fingers gently together. There was a thin threat of want and dark possessiveness swirling alongside a need, something warm and precious.

Knowing it was hard for Hannibal to reveal even this much of himself, Will pressed a kiss to his knuckles as he pressed further back into the body covering him. Staying like that, Will felt himself nodding off again, wrapped up in everything that was Hannibal.

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When Will woke up the next time, there was no body on top of him anymore. Though regretting his mate's absence, it allowed Will to languidly stretch until his hands touched the headboard and his spine popped in a few places.

Slowly he turned on his back to find Hannibal kneeling on his side of the bed, staring at him with an intensity that sent a shiver down through Will‘s spine. His mate was still naked and

his hands placed on his thighs, framing his flaccid cock where it was lay. There was a visible tension in the Omega's shoulders and arms.

"Hannibal?" Will asking, sitting up to push himself back until he could lean up against the headboard. Watching Will's face, Hannibal didn't move at all from his position, and was obviously cataloguing all of his Alpha's expressions.

"What's wrong? Did something happen?" Will tried again. He was starting to get concerned now, the feeling growing when all Will could feel coming through their bond was tense anticipation and even some nervousness.

His own disquiet must have bled back through, Hannibal finally blinking in response as some of his tension seemed to bleed out of him. "I want to give you something. It has been in my possession for a while now, but I think it is time to present you with it."

"You didn't have to…" Will frowned as Hannibal reached behind himself, whatever it was already in the bed with them. Will stopped talking when he saw what Hannibal held in his hands. It was a large flat box, covered in black velvet. Will recognized it as the sort of thing that usually contained a necklace or the like. He was confused as to why Hannibal would give him a necklace, though the sentiment of it was lovely. Reaching out, Will let his fingers caress the soft texture for a moment.

"What is it?" Will asked, but Hannibal just gave him one of his miniscule smiles as he gestured with the box for Will to look and see for himself. Taking a deep breath, Will opened it, his eyes widening in shock when he saw what was inside. His hands shook as he reached out to touch the box's contents.

A collar.

Heart starting to race, Will could hear his blood pumping through his veins. Hannibal had bought a *collar*. It was black with a delicate looking silver buckle closing it. The leather's width was barely wider than one of his fingers, and had white stitching framing its edges. A silver ring was placed in the center of it. The thought of being able to fasten a leash to the collar sent a spike of arousal through Will, one sharp enough that it almost made him dizzy.

Carefully, Will caressed the material with his finger, feeling the smooth leather under his touch. The collar was beautiful and elegant, nothing flashy. The inner lining of it was some sort of soft black leather skin, maybe lamb or something way more expensive. Knowing Hannibal, it probably was.

His curiosity satisfied enough for now, Will finally looked up to meet Hannibal's gaze. His face was his atypical mask, which told Will that his mate wasn't sure what to expect from him, and was prepared for any sort of reaction.

"It's beautiful." Will told him, Hannibal answering with a smile that warmed the Alpha from the inside out. Will picked up the collar with care, bringing the soft leather to his face. Pressing it to his lips and nose, Will took a deep breath to scent it. To his surprise, the Alpha didn't smell anything besides the material and some lingering traces of Hannibal.

“How…?” Will ventured, looking over to Hannibal for some answers. Leather collars, even ones of this caliber, still tended to smell like the crafter it came from. Such scents would be eventually worked out with time and constant wear, but the absence of them entirely was rare.

“I made the collar myself. There is a leather shop in town that offers this particular service.” Hannibal said. Will nodded, the answer clear now. Of course, Hannibal wouldn’t be able to stand a foreign scent to exist between them, even if it were only for a short while.

“Picturing you in a shop making stuff yourself is difficult.” Will grinned at his mate, watching as Hannibal‘s lips twitched in response.

“It’s simply a different form of medium to work with. It’s not that different from cooking, painting, or sketching, at least not to me.” Hannibal smiled, liking how Will’s eyes trailed over his lips and then down to his throat. His Alpha was already trying to picture the collar there, resting on muscles and sinews to encase his neck. Will swallowed and Hannibal mirrored the action.

“Come here.” Will gently commanded. He felt his breath stutter for a moment and his heart fluttered in his chest when Hannibal immediately started to crawl towards him across the sheets. Maybe it was his own Alpha nature that was running wild at the idea of his Omega being collared, or it was Hannibal manipulating him. Right now though, Will found that he didn’t care. He almost felt powerless under the onslaught of strong feelings. Need, possessiveness, and arousal all took their turns to roll through him.

Reaching out to place his hand in Hannibal’s hair, Will guided his Omega until he knelt in front of him straddling his legs. Only then did Will pull Hannibal into a soft kiss.

“May I?” Will whispered against moist lips. Words stolen from him, Hannibal only nodded, leaning back to look down on Will with dark eyes.

Setting the box aside, Will opened the buckle of the collar, pressed his lips to it before lifting to Hannibal’s throat. The Omega tilted his head back in submissive answer, giving the Alpha full access. As gently as he could, Will placed it upon smooth tanned skin. Holding his breath, Will fastened the buckle so that the collar sat snug, but still left enough room for movement and breathing. Leaning back, Will drank the sight of it in.

“It’s perfect.” Will murmured in awe. “You’re perfect.”

He didn’t react to his words though. Eyes closed, Hannibal was taking deep and deliberate breaths. He was getting used to the sensation, forcing some lingering resistance within himself to accept this.

“How does it feel?” Will asked. His fingers lingered over the leather, enjoying the contrast of its cool surface nestled up against Hannibal’s warm skin.

“Smooth. Heavy. But not as constricting as I feared.” was the detached analysis. Hannibal opened his eyes to stare at the wall behind Will.

“How do *you* feel?” Will pressed. Hannibal took a deep breath and looked back at Will to meet his eyes.

“Owned…” Hannibal admitted slowly. “…yet powerful.”

That was exactly what Will had expected, and even more so, what he wanted to hear, a smile breaking out on his face. It didn’t last long, Hannibal ravishing his mouth to bite and lick at his lips with fervor. Strong hands gripped Will’s hips, dragging him down the mattress until he was underneath Hannibal.

Pleased, Will moaned into the heated battle of lips and tongue and teeth. His hands roamed over a strong back, clawing at it with blunt nails until they finally separated to draw in gasping breaths. Staring up at the collar, Will lifted his head off the sheets to press a gentle kiss to Hannibal’s Adam’s apple, right where skin and leather met.

“Will…” he heard Hannibal groan so Will did it again, feeling the vibrations through his lips. With one swift move, Will flipped their positions to settle himself upon Hannibal before resuming the heated kiss. Will felt high on adrenaline, the elation that came with that, and with a roll of his hips, he pressed his hard cock into Hannibal's answering erection.

The whimper escaping Hannibal's lips gave them both pause. Gasping for breath Will looked down into a flushed face, Hannibal looking positively debauched and ravished. His kiss swollen lips were slightly parted, breathing hard. Will thought he looked more out of control than usual at this stage of proceedings.

"Will..." Hannibal almost moaned, his accent ruining the name on his teeth.

"What do you want? Tell me, love." Will smiled down at him as he placed a slow sweet kiss to slack lips that were having trouble forming words.

"I..." Hannibal swallowed hard. "Please, take me." he managed out so even and soft, his voice barely above whisper. It was as close to begging as he was going to get. Will had to shut his eyes as a moan tried to escape his throat, scraping the sides of it. Hannibal never pleaded like that after his heat, and hearing him say those words now threatened to bring Will to the edge of orgasm too fast.

It was all a power play of course. Hannibal was testing out the weight of his collar, and how much control he had over his Alpha. As those boundaries were explored, Will hoped that the rest was Hannibal being just as overwhelmed of how it made him feel.

Taking a deep breath, Will scented the mingling odors of their arousal and pheromones. He knew he wanted to bring Hannibal to the edge of his control. He wanted to fuck all coherent thought out of his mate.

Slightly lifting himself off of Hannibal, Will’s sure fingers found Hannibal’s dripping hole. Without hesitation, he pushed two fingers into that slick heat. A groan resonated through the strong chest underneath Will, the Alpha feeling the hot passage he stroked clenching around his fingers in response.

Finding Hannibal's prostate with ease, Will started to massage the small hard nub of nerves with gentle, steady pressure. Hot wall of muscles getting slicker with every flick of his fingers were stretched as he added another finger, fanning them out to make Hannibal twitch and moan. The usually stoic Omega was coming undone, and Will was enjoying every second of it.

Mouth falling open, Hannibal couldn’t keep the flat of his back on the bed any longer. Arching off the sheets, his hands fisted in the pillow under his head. His struggle gave Will a show, the Alpha watching as the collar cut into the taunt curve of Hannibal‘s neck.

Unable to resist any longer, Will plunged his fingers in deep, easing a fourth in as he leaned over his mate. Diving down, he started to worry at the skin right under the leather in the space above gracefully defined collarbones with his teeth. His touch was never idle, fingers rippling within Hannibal to make the Omega sweat and shudder more.

Quiet gasps turned into all out groans as tapered hips began to undulate and writhe under the continuous onslaught of pleasure. Seeing Hannibal like this was an incredible sight, and one Will couldn't believe that he was the one orchestrating. No, he was being allowed to do this, to see Hannibal this wrecked.

Slick had started to flow freely down between Hannibal’s thighs to pool clear and sweet smelling on the sheets. Will teased Hannibal’s rim with his thumb, threatening in a good way to slip it in along with the rest. He could fist Hannibal right now, and the Omega would let him, take it like a knot. They both knew it, and that power being held over Hannibal’s head caused his muscles to spasm around him in shock and pleasure.

The stretching and stimulation of his body forced the moans to pour out from Hannibal’s mouth, any actual words quickly becoming just a slurry of sounds. Fingers tangled in his hair suddenly, Will found his face pressed into the crook of Hannibal’s neck. Taking the hint as the order it was, Will bit down, breaking skin and tasting blood. They both moaned in unison, Will feeling hot cum splatter against his stomach.

Will carefully withdrew his fingers as he felt Hannibal go limp, the Omega drawing heavy breaths. The Alpha could feel the racing pulse against his blood smeared lips, his mate‘s eyes closed. Will couldn’t help but to admire Hannibal, his graceful neck marked bloody. The marks were only partially hidden beneath the collar, bruises and blood playing peek-a-boo with the leather of it.

Placing a gentle kiss on his beloved’s forehead, Will moved away to get a towel to clean up the mess. His own need could wait. The decision for more had to be Hannibal’s choice especially after presenting Will with such a gift, one he had never expected to receive. When strong arms and legs suddenly captured his body to hold him in place, Will knew it had already been made.

"Don't..." Hannibal gasped and went limp again, having used his remaining strength to keep Will on top of him.

"Okay, but tell me when it gets to be too much." Will pressed a light kiss to his soft lips before gently licked into that hot mouth. He enjoyed how pliant and accepting Hannibal was

being for him. It made Will want to do terrible, wonderful things to Hannibal.

Wrapping one of Hannibal's legs around his hip, Will covered the Omega with his body and entered him with one smooth thrust. There was barely any resistance, Hannibal being thoroughly stretched and soaking wet with his slick, but it was still tight. Both moaned as Will was forced to keep still a few moments to regain some increment of control. He wanted this to be slow as possible, gentle and loving.

Hannibal’s eyes were open now, but his gaze was unfocussed, the Omega still riding out the high from his orgasm. Smiling tenderly down at his mate, Will started moving with languid thrusts, rolling his hips. He drew back minutely before gliding back into Hannibal's unresisting body.

It was heaven.

Finding a rhythm quickly, Will enjoyed every second of moving inside his mate, the searing heat and pressure of Hannibal‘s flesh. When he lowered himself down again to have full body skin contact, Hannibal's hands found their way into his curls, intent on keeping him there. The Alpha and Omega started to kiss lazily, their lips lingering over each other.

Though every moment was pure bliss and Will could have done this for hours, he knew Hannibal would become sore soon, his body still so new to this. He didn't want to risk any uncomfortable memories to spoil this moment for either of them.

Getting a hand under Hannibal's hips, Will lifted him up a bit for a better angle. With more speed and new depth, he pushed into his Omega. It didn't take long for Will to start coming, the Alpha groaning into Hannibal's neck. There wouldn't be a knot this time. The intensity was a different sort, and the urgency to possess his mate was missing. This was about love and a deep understanding, not just mating.

Drained from his release, Will collapsed half on top of Hannibal, letting out a joyful laugh as he did so. Pressing a gentle kiss to the mark, Will nudged the collar with his nose, rubbing his cheek against the leather. They stayed like that for a while until Will felt himself getting cold. Carefully he withdrew from Hannibal, not wanting to cause any discomfort.

"Are you alright?" Will asked. Hannibal smiled lazily back, not answering with words. A deep vibration resonated from him instead.

The sound started in Hannibal’s belly, working all the way up to his throat to create a sensual rumble. Its effect was instant, the Omega’s purr keyed directly into an Alpha’s psyche to appeal and relax their mate. Will’s heart missed a beat and the love for this man threatened to choke him. The reason the purr existed was to keep the Alpha near the Omega during times of Heat so another round of mating could occur. An Omega could only produce it around an Alpha that was truly trusted and wanted.

Its existence caught both men by surprise, Hannibal’s face a frozen mask of shock and Will’s an elated grin that only grew the longer the purr went on. Pressing himself to Hannibal’s side before his mate could move or react, Will laid himself out over Hannibal to better experience this rare thing to its fullest measure, letting the gentle vibrations sink under his skin. He

would have never expected to hear an Omega’s purr to be ever directed at him or be the cause of it.

Risking a look up at Hannibal, Will couldn’t keep back the smile that dared to pull at the corners of his lips. The shock had vanished off his face, replaced by a neutral mask as Hannibal tried to come to terms with what was happening. If Will had a tail, it would have been wagging hopefully at his mate. He splayed his hand over Hannibal’s chest, enjoying every second of this moment until the purr receded, having run its course. Hannibal’s face was still giving Will nothing back to go on.

"I'm more than alright.” Hannibal said eventually, taking a deep breath. It was oddly satisfying to hear his own purr for the first time ever and see Will’s reaction to it. Deep contentment and warm satisfaction could be felt on both ends through their bond. "I am going to prepare us breakfast now. I feel quite hungry. Are you agreeable to bacon and eggs?"

Letting his mate up, Will watched Hannibal untangle from sticky sheets, and tried to ignore how the scent of their coupling clung to Hannibal's skin. The fact that he didn't shower it off right away pleased the Alpha in more ways than one. Before Hannibal could leave the bed completely though, Will sat up and caught the collar with his fingers, drawing Hannibal back into a deep kiss.

"Very agreeable." Will murmured against a sly mouth that turned into a sharp grin. "Who is the bacon?"

“Someone who wired the electrical outlets poorly when I furnished my office, and didn’t want to repair his mistakes. A very unpleasant person.” Hannibal said, feeling pleased when Will nodded back and let him go with his own grin.

“Good.”

Hannibal got up then, silently leaving the room. The change from the writhing Omega to dangerous predator was breathtaking, Will utterly fascinated by it as he watched his mate leave him.

It was one of the reasons why he loved Hannibal so much. He wasn’t a normal Omega. He wasn’t even a normal human being. He just always seemed to march to the darkly delicate beat of his own elegant drum.

How could he not follow him?

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The End

Chapter End Notes

wipes sweat away phew, that's it. I have no intention of writing a sequel to this, because in my head the story has run its course, BUT I wouldn't mind writing small one-

shots about those two.

So if you have anything in mind you wanted to see here, throw me a prompt in the comments. Any situation or a/b/o kink or kinks in general you wanted to read. I'm not promising anything, but maybe I'll use possible prompts to overcome writer's block or shake my muse awake ;)

End Notes

This fic mainly happened because Plinks was harassing me with plot bunnies. I'm cursing you every day, m'dear ;)

Comments welcome!

And check out the wonderful fic inspired by this one!

Works inspired by this one

No Idea by Anchanee

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!